MARVEL
MYSTERY
COMICS
SEPT.
NO. 47
RUHR VALLEY DAM
10
ARMS PLANT
GOERING
GOERING AMMUNITIONS

ARE YOU STUMPED FOR INTERESTING THINGS TO WRITE ABOUT?
DO YOUR LETTERS ALL SOUND ALIKE?

Here, at last, is a book that makes it EASY for you to . . .

WRITE *Interesting, Heart-Warming* LETTERS to MEN in the SERVICE

Have you got a relative or a loved friend in the fighting forces? Someone to whom you'd like to write thrilling letters . . . messages that carry with them a real touch of home and the things he knows and loves? Would you like to make that fighting man feel your warm interest in him—transfer to him the living faith you have in him—give him a deep sense of your loyalty and the hopes you have for him? What could make your soldier or sailor happier than such letters!

Letters can be dull and flat—lifeless . . . or they can be alive with the real you, they can almost seem to carry you with them! And what a difference it makes to tired, lonely, homesick fighters! How they rejoice when receiving lively, "meaty", inspiring letters! And how "let down" they feel when they get letters that are empty and spiritless! But now you don't have to worry any more about the letters you write! No matter how poor a letter writer you think you are, you can make your letters sparkle with personality, overflow with interesting ideas and information—if you follow the simple suggestions in a remarkable new book written and published especially for people who want to be helped in writing buoyant, heart-warming letters to soldiers and sailors!

"How to Write Interesting Letters to Your Men in the Service" does for you exactly what its title promises! It is a specific guide, newly written for the express purpose of helping people who are now writing letters to men they may never have written to before. It's a down-to-earth and up-to-the-minute aid made for this one purpose—to show you how to write the kind of letters that make service men happy! It is based on the special problems of wartime, the difficulties many people have because they are not used to writing many letters, the particular needs of men far away from home. It tells in detail the things the men want to know; it explains the effect that different types of letters have on them; it reveals step by step the secrets and "tricks" of letter-writing that you can now use to add new thrills to your letters.

YOU WILL BE *AMAZED* AT THE MANY *DIFFERENT* TYPES OF LETTER-WRITING PROBLEMS THAT THIS BOOK SOLVES!

Perhaps you feel that your particular letter-writing problem is "different." Of course, it is! Everyone's problem is different. But that's exactly why this book can help you—it covers an astounding variety of problems!

Do you find it difficult to express yourself fluently and warmly? The author shows you how easy it is to make your style flow rapidly as if you were actually carrying on a conversation.

Are you at a loss for things to write about? This book explains a simple, enjoyable method for finding real "meaty" news!

Do all your letters sound alike? There are "tricks" of writing that can even make the same thing sound different no matter how many times you write about it!

Have you got some bad news to tell? Naturally you want to soften the blow. The author tells you how to do it!

Would you like to "dress up" your letters? There are dozens of little things you can do to make your letters look a hundred times better—and you will find all these secrets in this book!

THINGS TO DO— THINGS NOT TO DO—

One remarkable section in this book gives you in compact form a list of "do's" and "don'ts" . . . brief cautions about details in writing to service men that otherwise you might easily overlook. These special cautions alone are well worth the price of the book . . . they can surely help you improve your very first letter after reading them! You learn in just a few minutes the most important "secrets" of wartime letter-writing . . . magic advice that may mean added happiness for your soldier or sailor!

SEND NO MONEY

This book is yours on free trial. All you have to do now is mail the coupon. Then when the book arrives, deposit $1 plus postage charges with the postman. If your letters don't show an immediate improvement that is worth many times the price, return the book to us and your money will be refunded in full. "How to Write Interesting Letters to Your Men in the Service" is unconditionally guaranteed to help you in every way, or else you are not obligated to keep it. Send the coupon today—and let this special wartime letter-writing guide help you bring new cheer and happiness to your service men.

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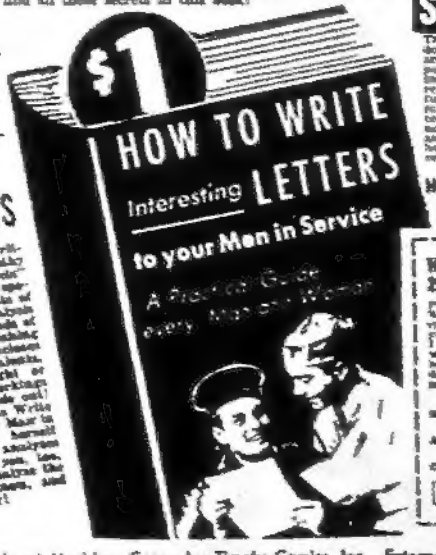
DOROTHY SARA

EXTRA SPECIAL *added* FEATURE— The inside story of HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

One of the most famous handwriting experts in America—Dorothy Sara—reveals the "inside facts" about her amazing ability in a special chapter. Miss Sara's feats of character and emotion analysis have astounded many thousands of people. With truly astonishing accuracy, her method discloses character types, hidden talents, innermost trends of thought, feelings—almost forms the workings of the mind and heart into print! In this great book, "How to Write Interesting Letters to Your Men in the Service," Miss Sara herself discloses exactly how the analysis of handwriting—short how you, too, can use her method to analyze the writing of people you know, and would like to know better!



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Please send me for free trial a copy of "How to Write Interesting Letters to Your Men in the Service," including the Chapter on Handwriting Analysis by Dorothy Sara. I will pay postman $1, plus postage charges, with the understanding that if this book doesn't help me write remarkably better letters in five days, I may return it and you will refund my payment.

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☐ If you enclose payment, we will pay postage charges. Same return and refund privilege. Mark box.

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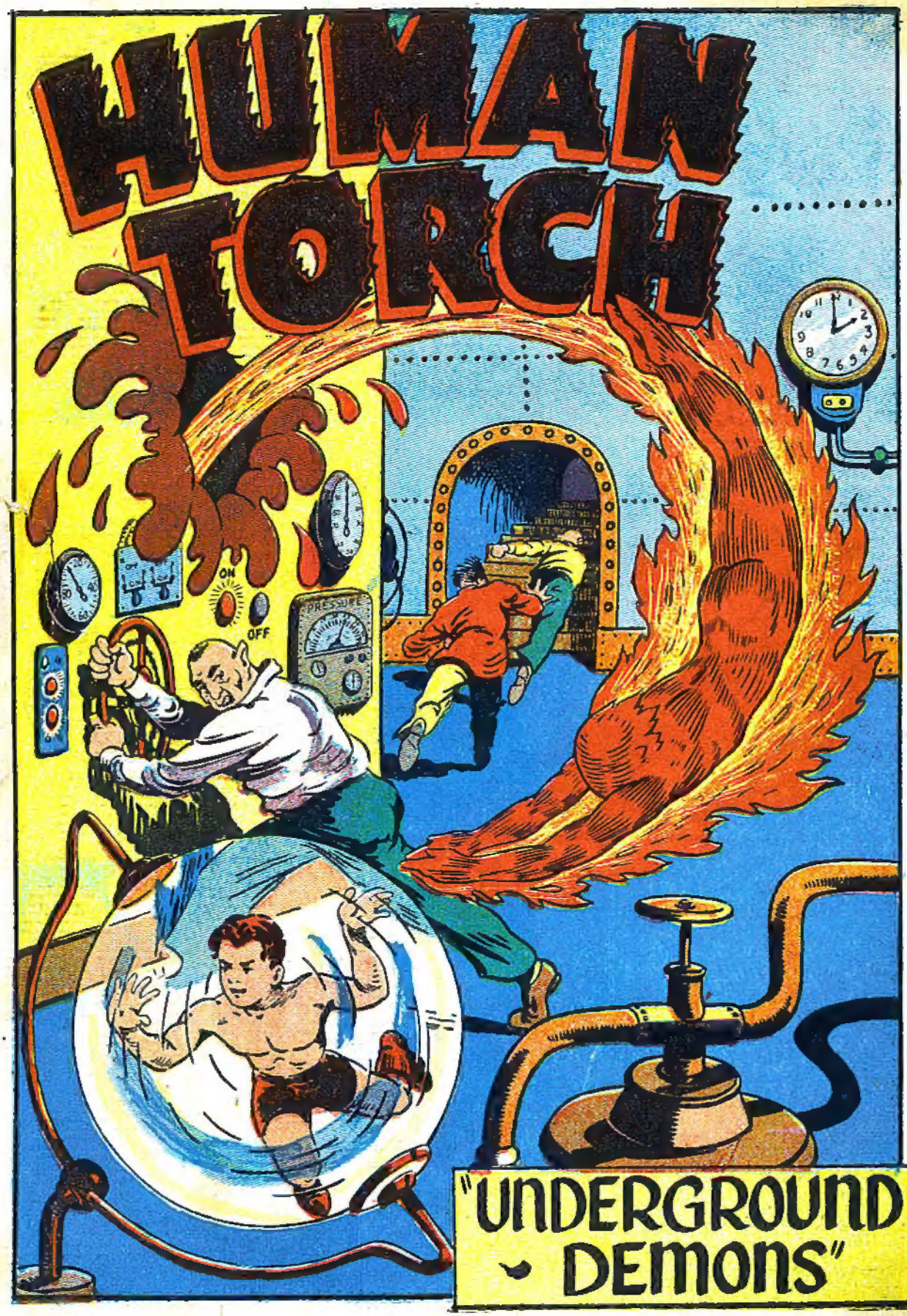
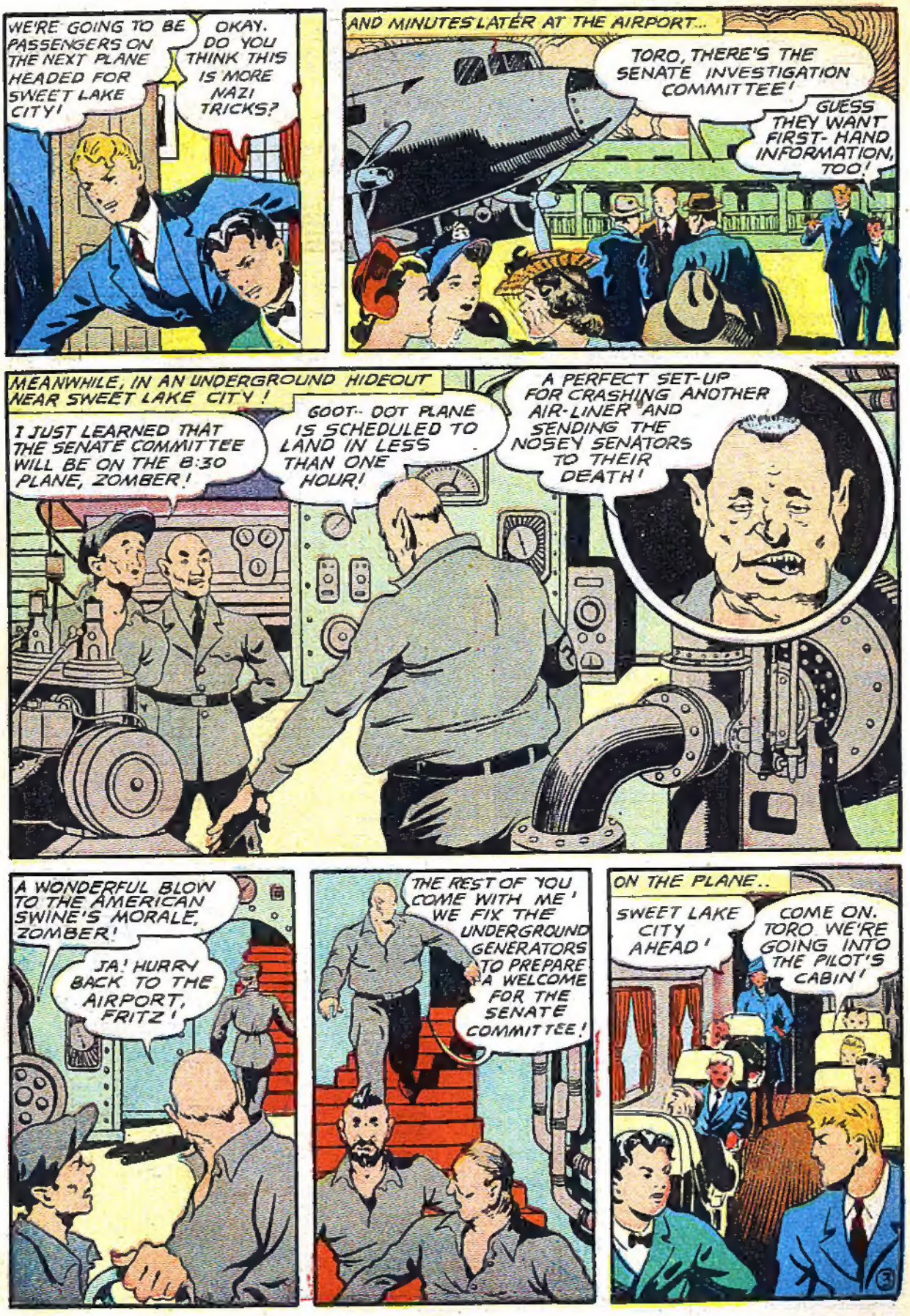
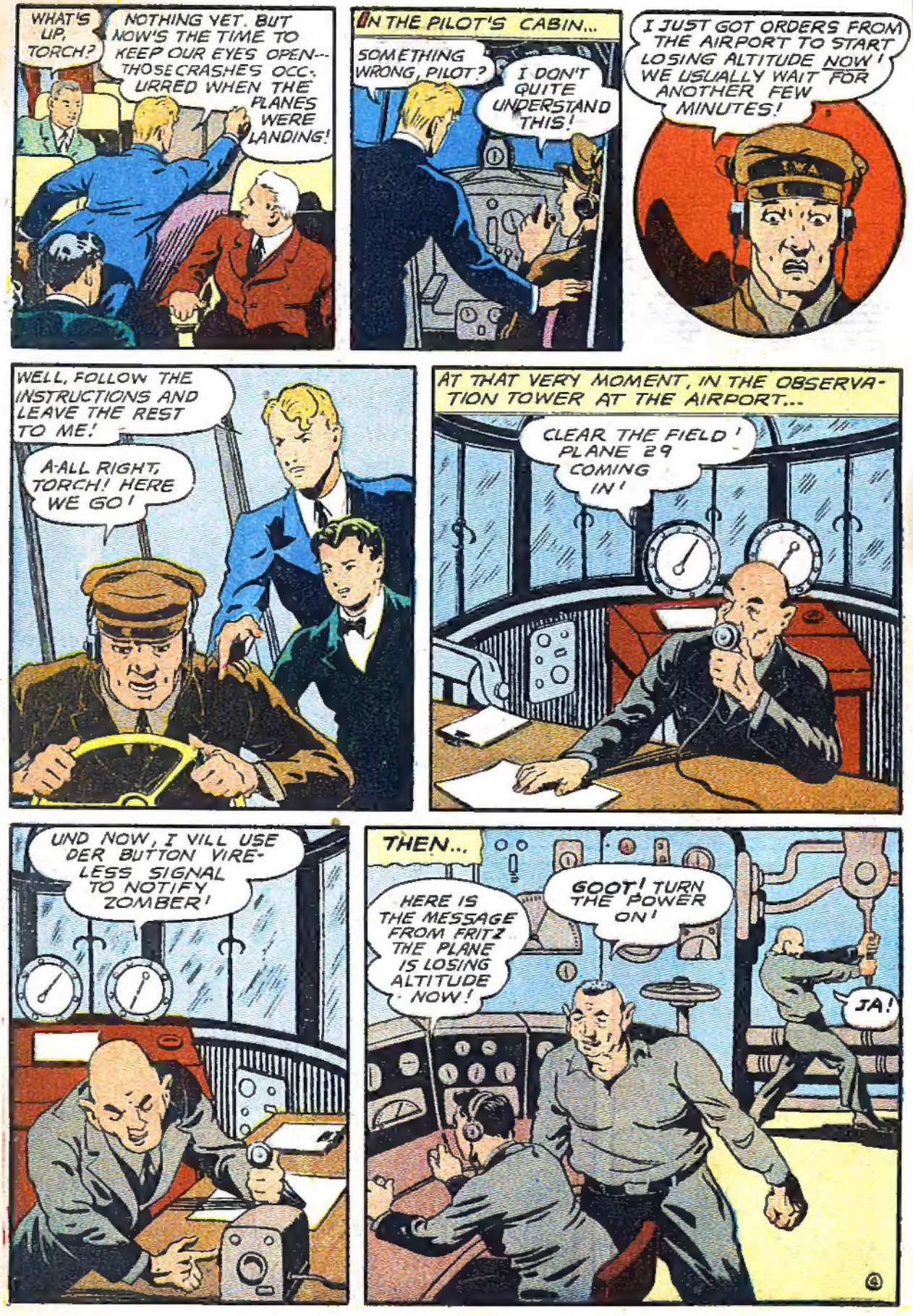
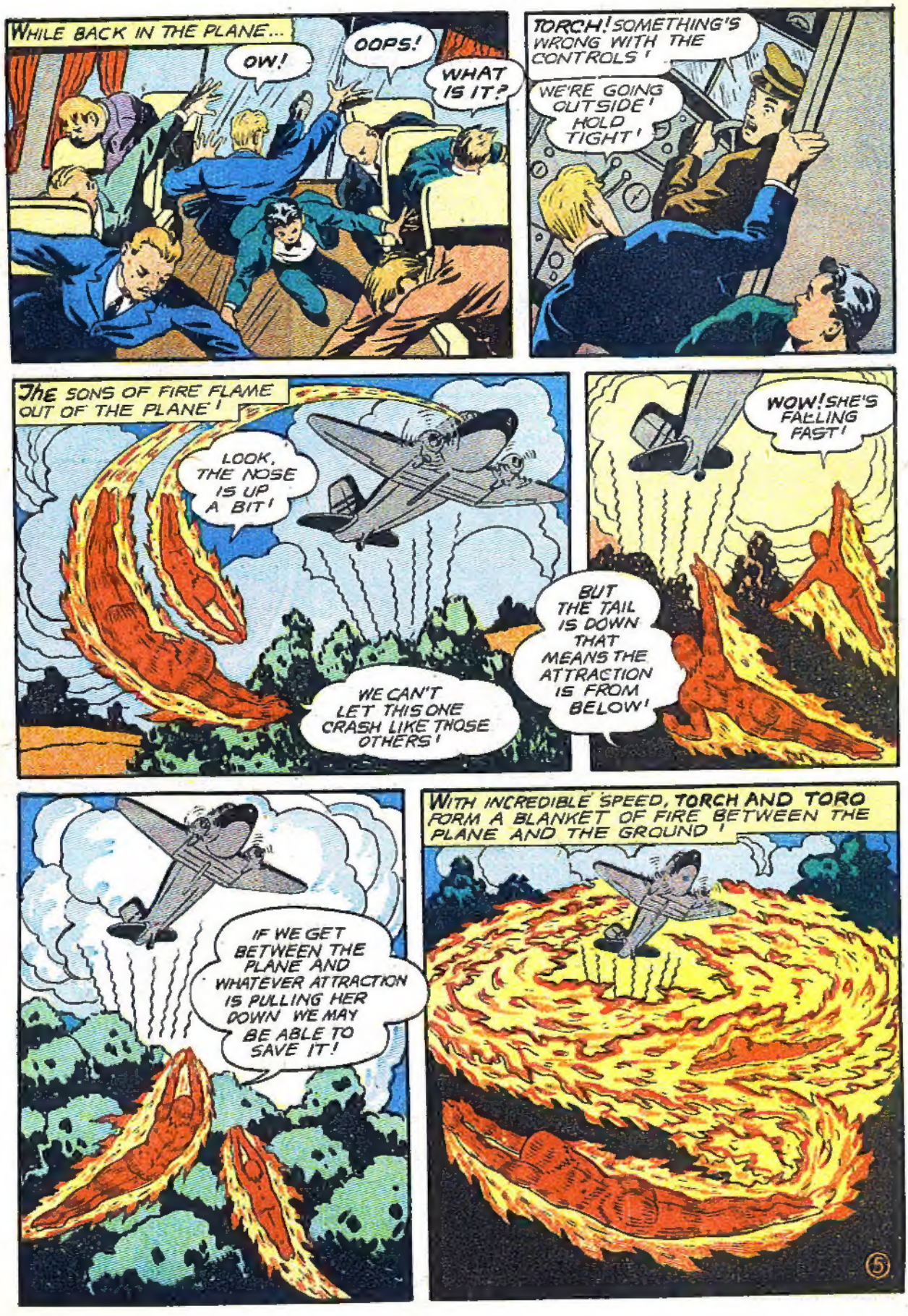

HUMAN TORCH
ON
OFF
PRESSURE
"UNDERGROUND DEMONS"

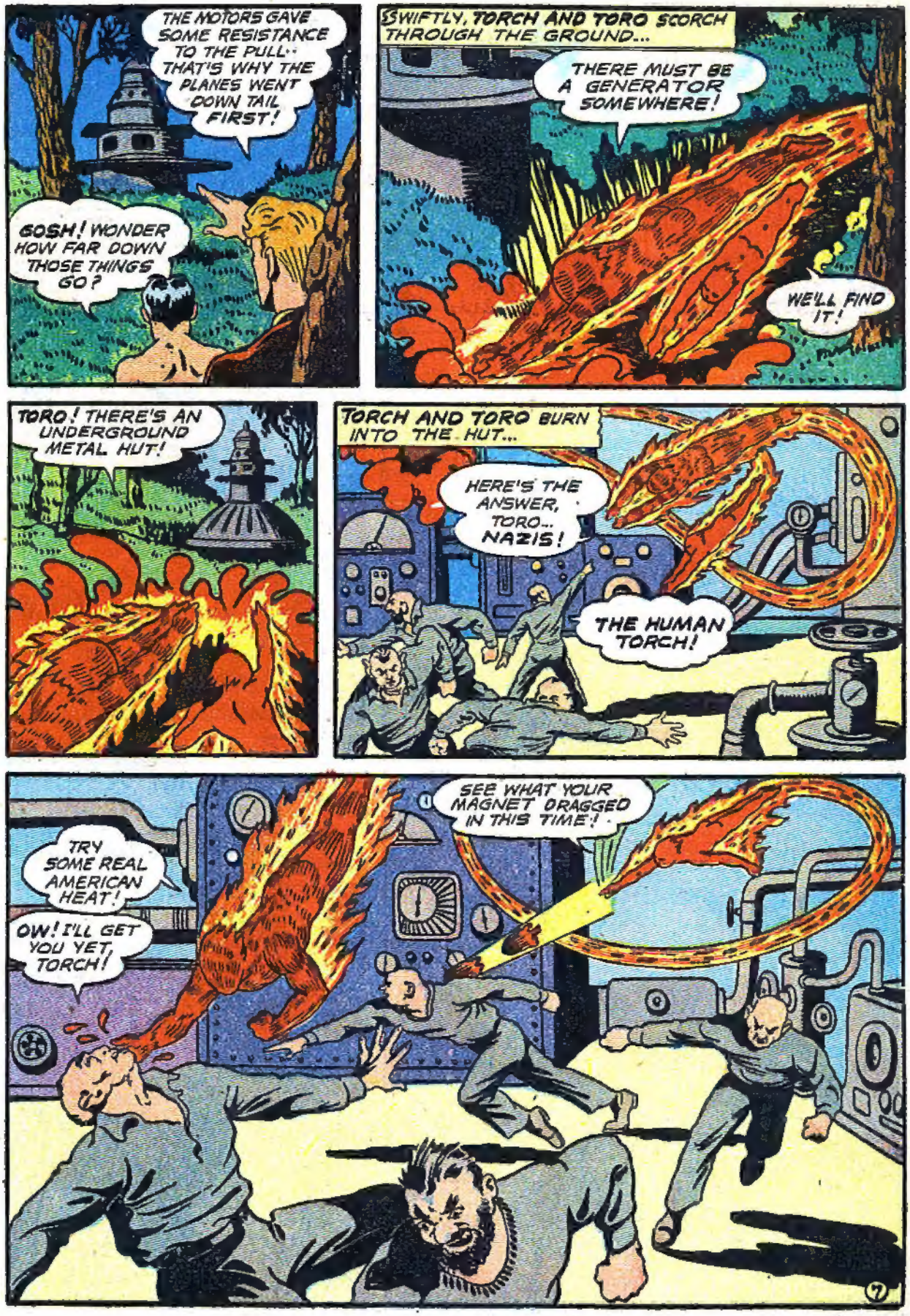
AS A BIG TRANS-CONTINENTAL AIRLINER APPROACHES SWEET LAKE CITY...
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO THE PLANE! I CANT CONTROL IT!
BRIEF SECONDS LATER..
CRASH
THE FOLLOWING DAY, IN THE UNITED STATES' SENATE
THAT'S THE FOURTH PLANE THAT HAS CRASHED WHILE ATTEMPTING TO LAND AT SWEET LAKE CITY!
THE MATTER IS SO GRAVE, GENTLEMEN, THAT I MOVE A COMMITTEE BE APPOINTED TO INVESTIGATE IMMEDIATELY!
THE NEXT DAY TORCH AND TORO READ OF THE DECISION!
LOOK, TORO!
DAILY CH
SENATE APPOINTS COMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE SWEET LAKE CITY CRASHES
"EYE WITNESSES CLAIM THEY SAW THE TAIL OF THE PLANE WOBBLE PECULIARLY SHORTLY BEFORE IT CRASHED!" THAT'S THE ONLY CLUE, I GUESS, TORO, IF IT IS ONE!
ASHE BLONDE CAPTURED
JORDAN INVOLVED
2

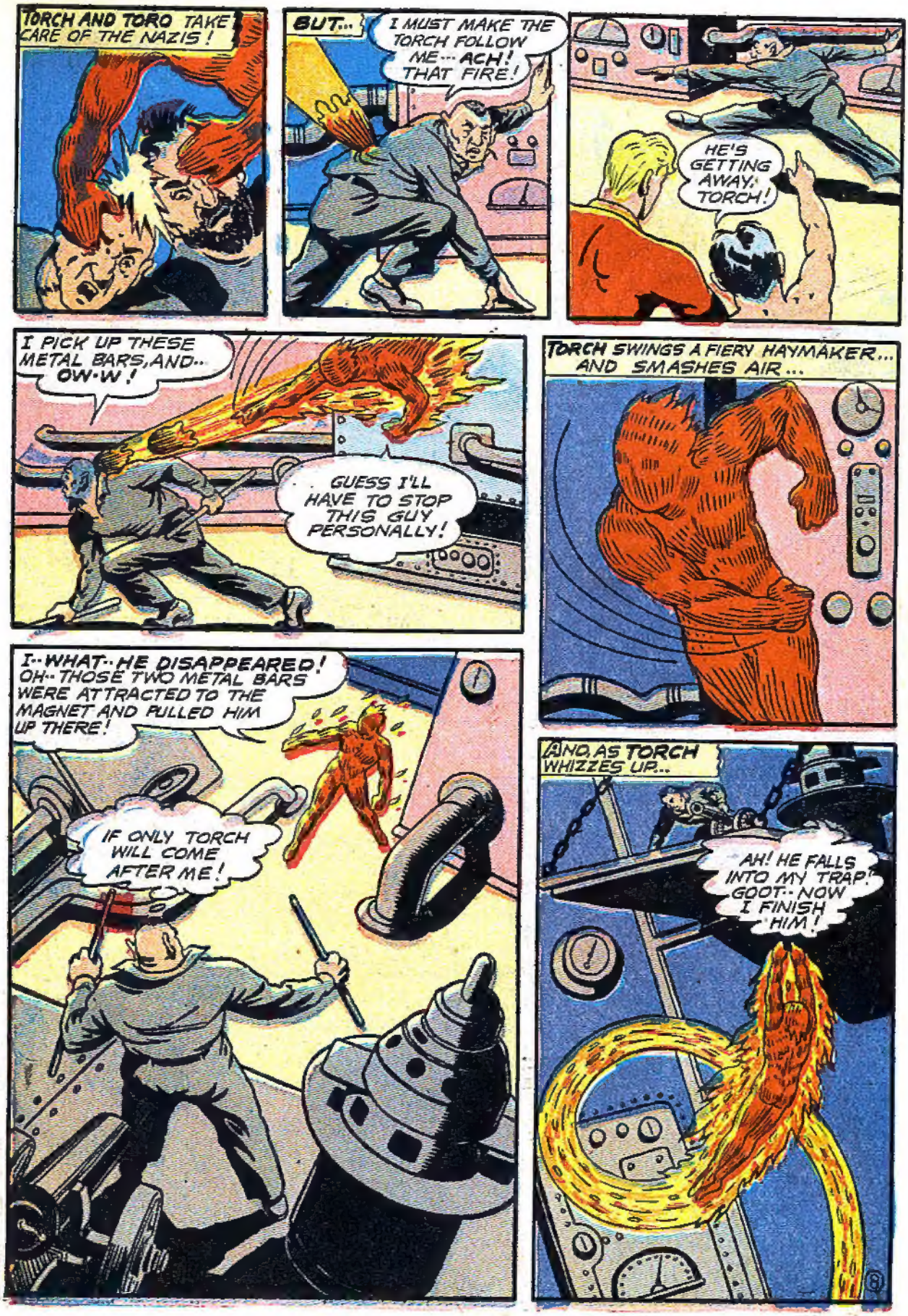

WE'RE GOING TO BE PASSENGERS ON THE NEXT PLANE HEADED FOR SWEET LAKE CITY!
OKAY. DO YOU THINK THIS IS MORE NAZI TRICKS?
AND MINUTES LATER AT THE AIRPORT...
TORO, THERE'S THE SENATE INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE!
GUESS THEY WANT FIRST-HAND INFORMATION, TOO!
MEANWHILE, IN AN UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT NEAR SWEET LAKE CITY!
I JUST LEARNED THAT THE SENATE COMMITTEE WILL BE ON THE 8:30 PLANE, ZOMBER!
GOOT-- DOT PLANE IS SCHEDULED TO LAND IN LESS THAN ONE HOUR!
A PERFECT SET-UP FOR CRASHING ANOTHER AIR-LINER AND SENDING THE NOSEY SENATORS TO THEIR DEATH!
A WONDERFUL BLOW TO THE AMERICAN SWINE'S MORALE, ZOMBER!
JA! HURRY BACK TO THE AIRPORT, FRITZ!
THE REST OF YOU, COME WITH ME! WE FIX THE UNDERGROUND GENERATORS TO PREPARE A WELCOME FOR THE SENATE COMMITTEE!
ON THE PLANE..
SWEET LAKE CITY AHEAD!
COME ON, TORO WE'RE GOING INTO THE PILOT'S CABIN!
3


WHAT'S UP, TORCH?
NOTHING YET. BUT NOW'S THE TIME TO KEEP OUR EYES OPEN--THOSE CRASHES OCCURRED WHEN THE PLANES WERE LANDING!
IN THE PILOT'S CABIN...
SOMETHING WRONG, PILOT?
I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND THIS!
I JUST GOT ORDERS FROM THE AIRPORT TO START LOSING ALTITUDE NOW! WE USUALLY WAIT FOR ANOTHER FEW MINUTES!
TWA
WELL, FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME!
A-ALL RIGHT, TORCH! HERE WE GO!
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN THE OBSERVATION TOWER AT THE AIRPORT...
CLEAR THE FIELD! PLANE 29 COMING IN!
UND NOW, I VILL USE DER BUTTON VIRELESS SIGNAL TO NOTIFY ZOMBER!
THEN...
HERE IS THE MESSAGE FROM FRITZ THE PLANE IS LOSING ALTITUDE NOW!
GOOT! TURN THE POWER ON!
JA!
4

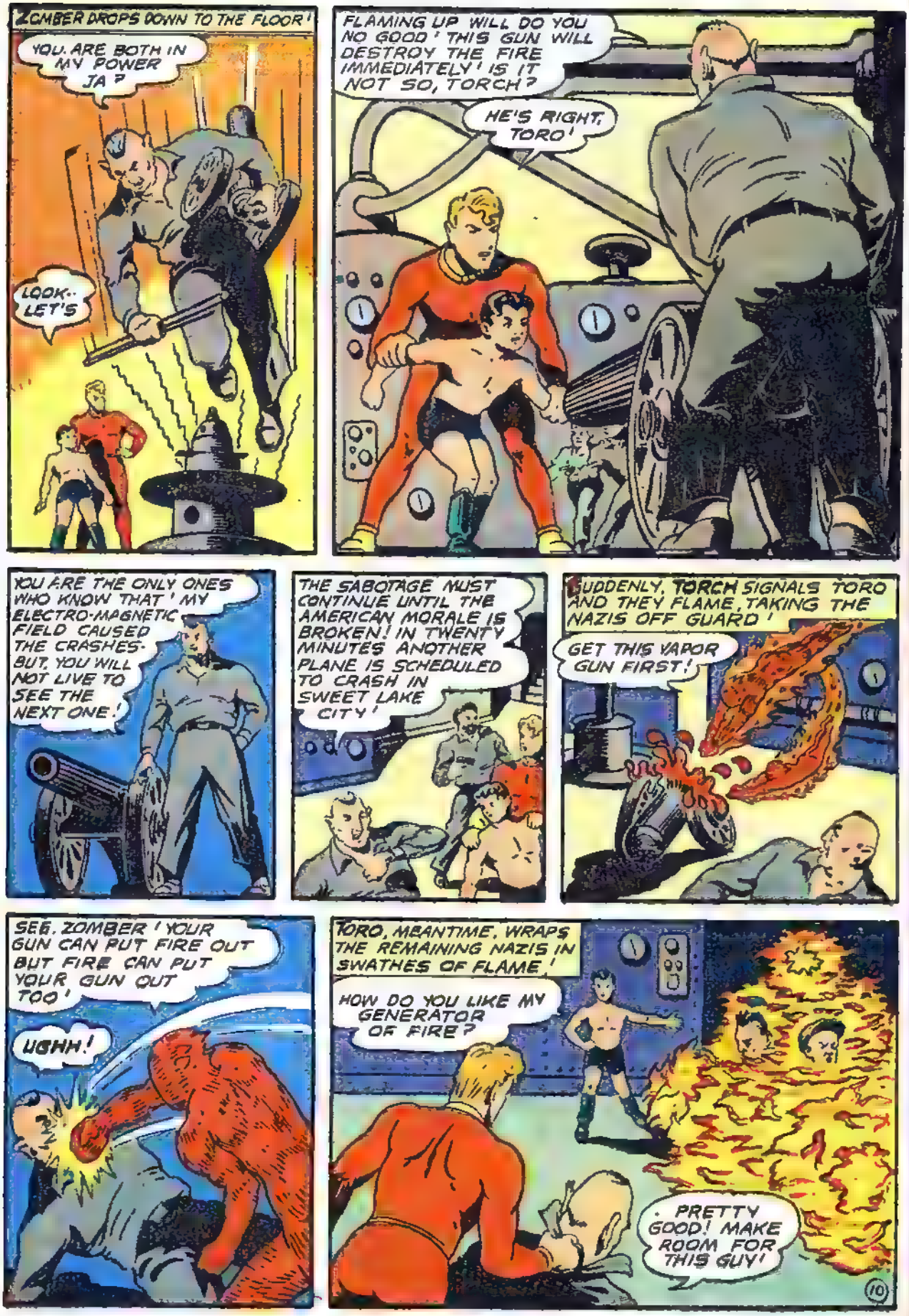

WHILE BACK IN THE PLANE...
OW!
OOPS!
WHAT IS IT?
TORCH! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE CONTROLS!
WE'RE GOING OUTSIDE! HOLD TIGHT!
THE SONS OF FIRE FLAME OUT OF THE PLANE!
LOOK, THE NOSE IS UP A BIT!
WE CAN'T LET THIS ONE CRASH LIKE THOSE OTHERS!
BUT THE TAIL IS DOWN THAT MEANS THE ATTRACTION IS FROM BELOW!
WOW! SHE'S FALLING FAST!
IF WE GET BETWEEN THE PLANE AND WHATEVER ATTRACTION IS PULLING HER DOWN WE MAY BE ABLE TO SAVE IT!
WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, TORCH AND TORO FORM A BLANKET OF FIRE BETWEEN THE PLANE AND THE GROUND!
5

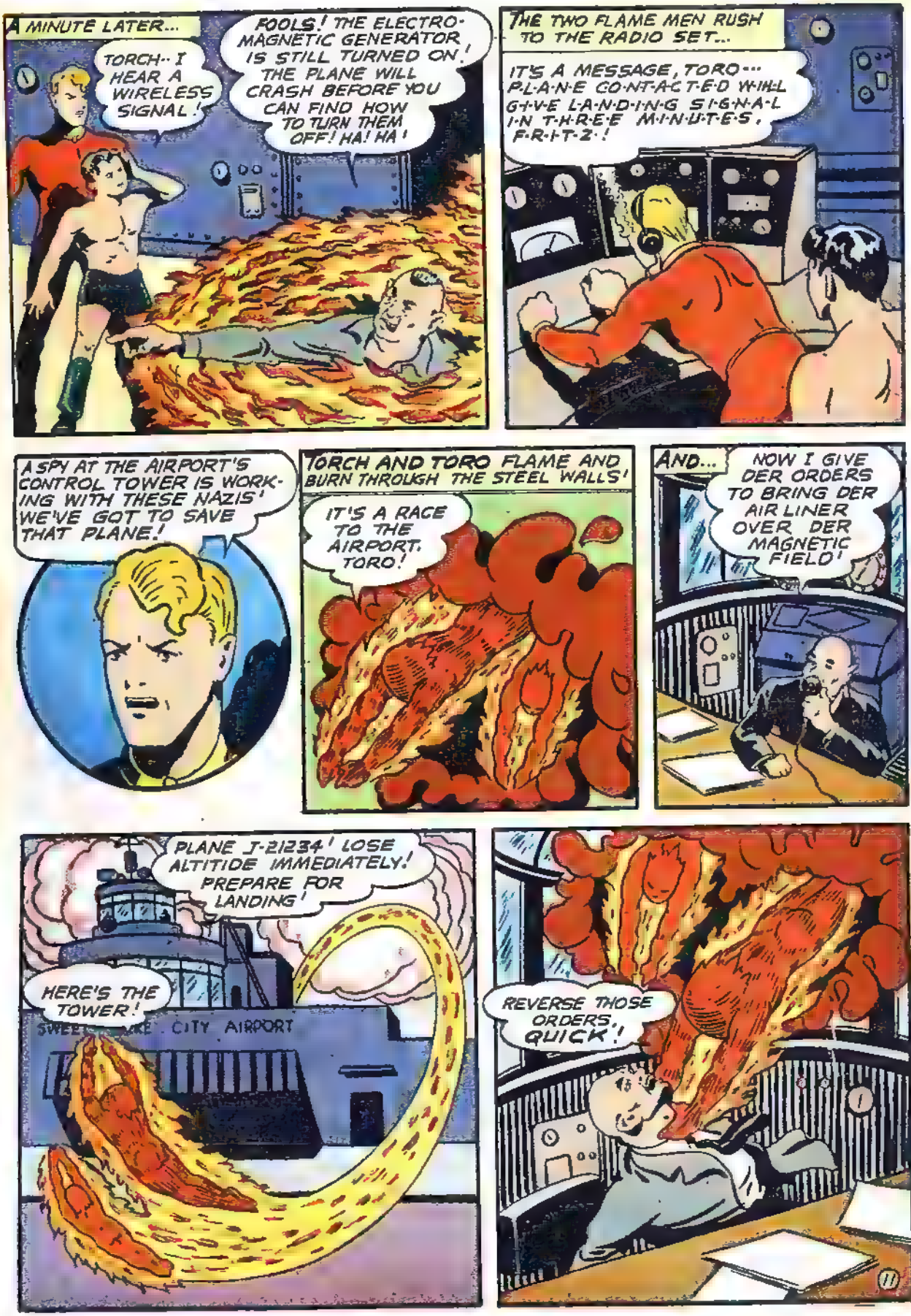
THE PLANE IMMEDIATELY ANSWERS THE CONTROLS, RIGHTING ITSELF!
WE'RE O.K. NOW!
I'LL REPORT TO THE FIELD!
WE WERE SURE WE'D CRASH... BUT THE HUMAN TORCH SAVED US!
THE SPY IN THE TOWER RECEIVES THE MESSAGE!
ACH! I MUST NOTIFY ZOMBER!
IN THE UNDERGROUND GENERATOR...
FRITZ SAYS, THE HUMAN TORCH SAVED THE PLANE!
SO! THOSE SENATORS ESCAPED DEATH! ACH!
THE HUMAN TORCH WON'T SAVE THE NEXT PLANE, AND WHEN WE MEET--I'LL SHOW HIM WHO IS MASTER!
MEANWHILE, TORCH AND TORO INVESTIGATE!
THAT PECULIAR ATTRACTION CAME FROM THOSE TREES, TORO!
ELECTRO-MAGNETS!
THEY'RE PERFECTLY CAMOUFLAGED! WOW!
5

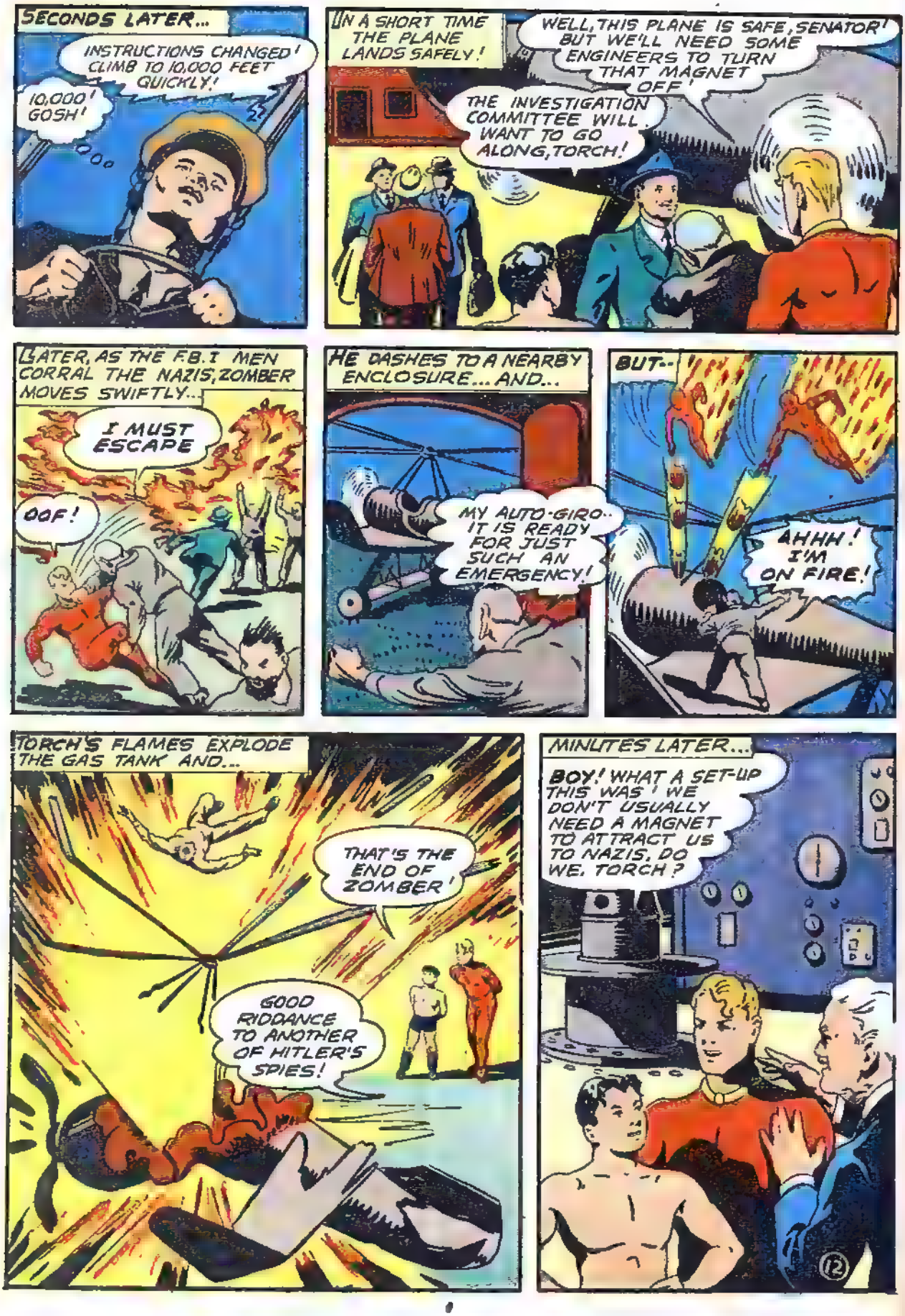

THE MOTORS GAVE SOME RESISTANCE TO THE PULL.. THAT'S WHY THE PLANES WENT DOWN TAIL FIRST!
GOSH! WONDER HOW FAR DOWN THOSE THINGS GO?
SWIFTLY, TORCH AND TORO SCORCH THROUGH THE GROUND...
THERE MUST BE A GENERATOR SOMEWHERE!
WE'LL FIND IT!
TORO! THERE'S AN UNDERGROUND METAL HUT!
TORCH AND TORO BURN INTO THE HUT...
HERE'S THE ANSWER, TORO.. NAZIS!
THE HUMAN TORCH!
SEE WHAT YOUR MAGNET DRAGGED IN THIS TIME!
TRY SOME REAL AMERICAN HEAT!
OW! I'LL GET YOU YET, TORCH!
7


TORCH AND TORO TAKE CARE OF THE NAZIS!
BUT...
I MUST MAKE THE TORCH FOLLOW ME--- ACH! THAT FIRE!
HE'S GETTING AWAY, TORCH!
I PICK UP THESE METAL BARS, AND.. OW-W!
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO STOP THIS GUY PERSONALLY!
TORCH SWINGS A FIERY HAYMAKER... AND SMASHES AIR...
I--WHAT--HE DISAPPEARED! OH--THOSE TWO METAL BARS WERE ATTRACTED TO THE MAGNET AND PULLED HIM UP THERE!
IF ONLY TORCH WILL COME AFTER ME!
AND AS TORCH WHIZZES UP...
AH! HE FALLS INTO MY TRAP! GOOT--NOW I FINISH HIM!
8

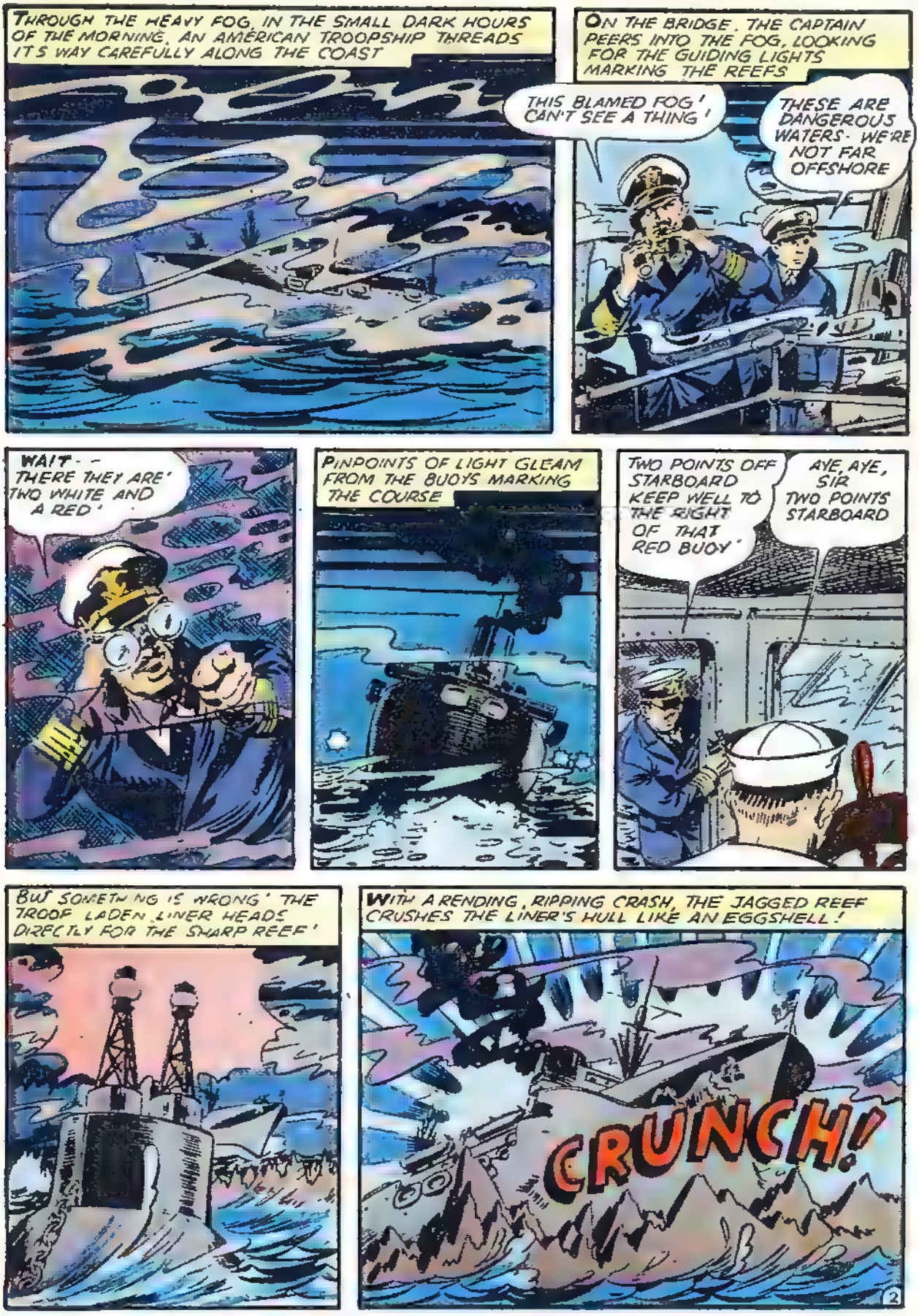
SUDDENLY...
UHH!
THIS WILL PUT YOUR FIRE OUT!
THE END OF THE TORCH! HEIL HITLER!
WHAT ARE THOSE NAZIS LOOKING UP AT? YOWW!
TORCH!
TORCH--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
FINE! HE RIPPED MY FLAME OFF WITH SOME KIND OF VAPOR GUN!
MADE IT!
HOWEVER...
NOW--- I REVERSE THE ELECTRO-MAGNET CURRENT...
9

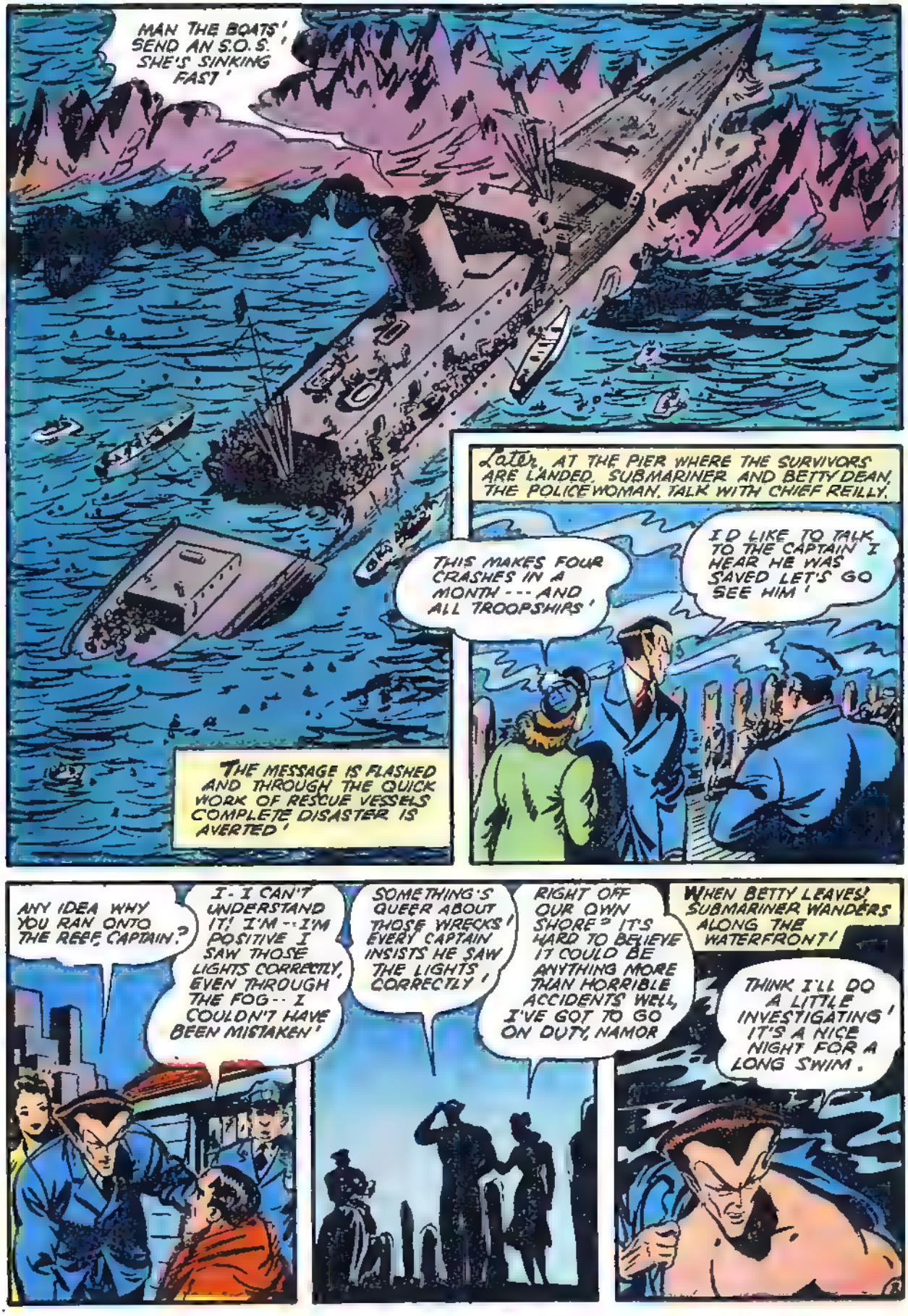

ZOMBER DROPS DOWN TO THE FLOOR!
YOU ARE BOTH IN MY POWER JA?
LOOK.. LET'S
FLAMING UP WILL DO YOU NO GOOD! THIS GUN WILL DESTROY THE FIRE IMMEDIATELY! IS IT NOT SO, TORCH?
HE'S RIGHT, TORO!
YOU ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW THAT! MY ELECTRO-MAGNETIC FIELD CAUSED THE CRASHES- BUT, YOU WILL NOT LIVE TO SEE THE NEXT ONE!
THE SABOTAGE MUST CONTINUE UNTIL THE AMERICAN MORALE IS BROKEN! IN TWENTY MINUTES ANOTHER PLANE IS SCHEDULED TO CRASH IN SWEET LAKE CITY!
SUDDENLY, TORCH SIGNALS TORO AND THEY FLAME, TAKING THE NAZIS OFF GUARD!
GET THIS VAPOR GUN FIRST!
SEE, ZOMBER! YOUR GUN CAN PUT FIRE OUT BUT FIRE CAN PUT YOUR GUN OUT TOO!
UGHH!
TORO, MEANTIME, WRAPS THE REMAINING NAZIS IN SWATHES OF FLAME!
HOW DO YOU LIKE MY GENERATOR OF FIRE?
PRETTY GOOD! MAKE ROOM FOR THIS GUY!
10

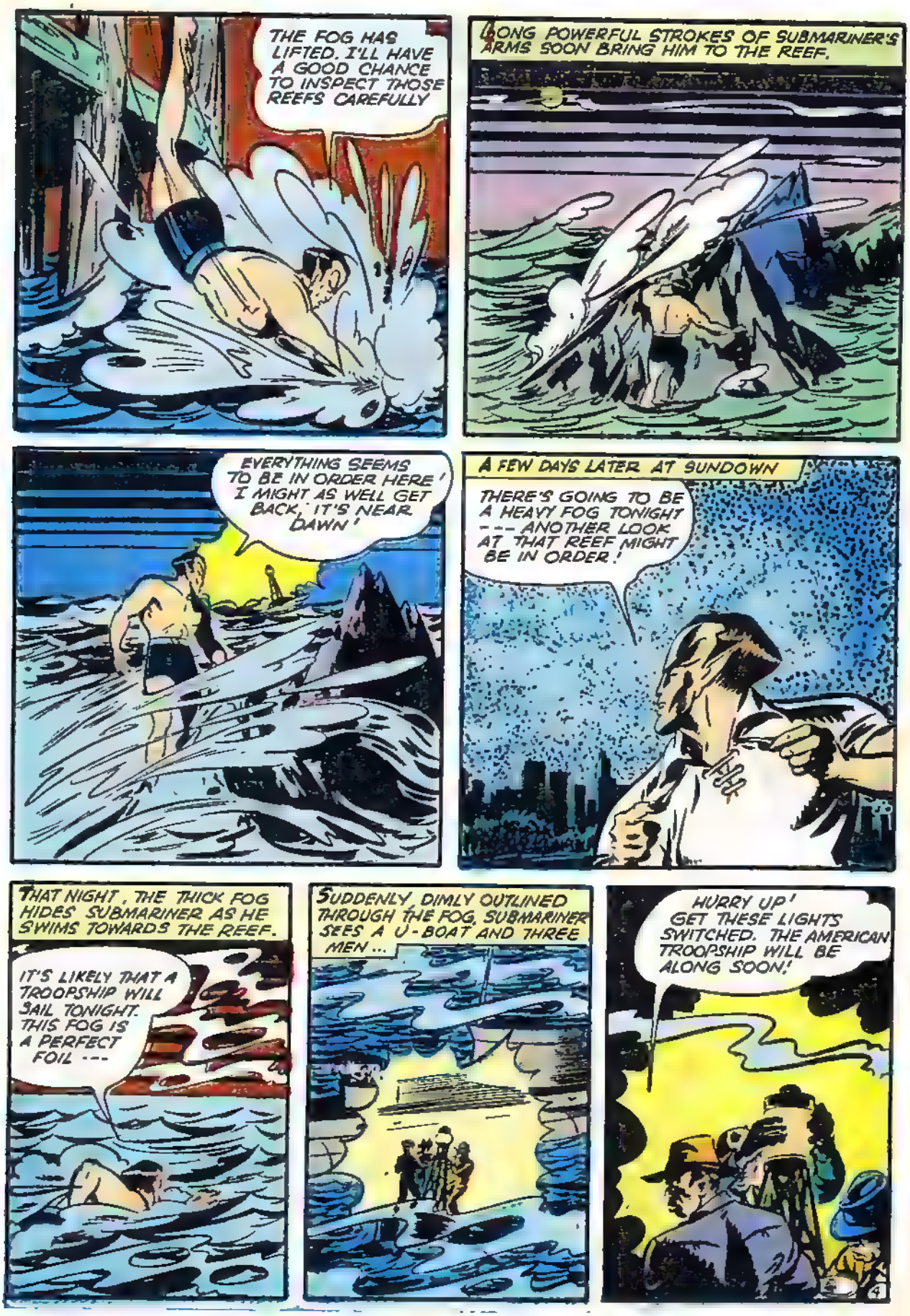

A MINUTE LATER...
TORCH.. I HEAR A WIRELESS SIGNAL!
FOOLS! THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC GENERATOR IS STILL TURNED ON! THE PLANE WILL CRASH BEFORE YOU CAN FIND HOW TO TURN THEM OFF! HA! HA!
THE TWO FLAME MEN RUSH TO THE RADIO SET...
IT'S A MESSAGE, TORO... P-L-A-N-E C-O-N-T-A-C-T-E-D W-I-L-L G-I-V-E L-A-N-D-I-N-G S-I-G-N-A-L I-N T-H-R-E-E M-I-N-U-T-E-S, F-R-I-T-Z!
A SPY AT THE AIRPORT'S CONTROL TOWER IS WORKING WITH THESE NAZIS! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THAT PLANE!
TORCH AND TORO FLAME AND BURN THROUGH THE STEEL WALLS!
IT'S A RACE TO THE AIRPORT, TORO!
AND...
NOW I GIVE DER ORDERS TO BRING DER AIR LINER OVER DER MAGNETIC FIELD!
PLANE J-21234! LOSE ALTITIDE IMMEDIATELY! PREPARE FOR LANDING!
HERE'S THE TOWER!
CITY AIRPORT
REVERSE THOSE ORDERS, QUICK!
11

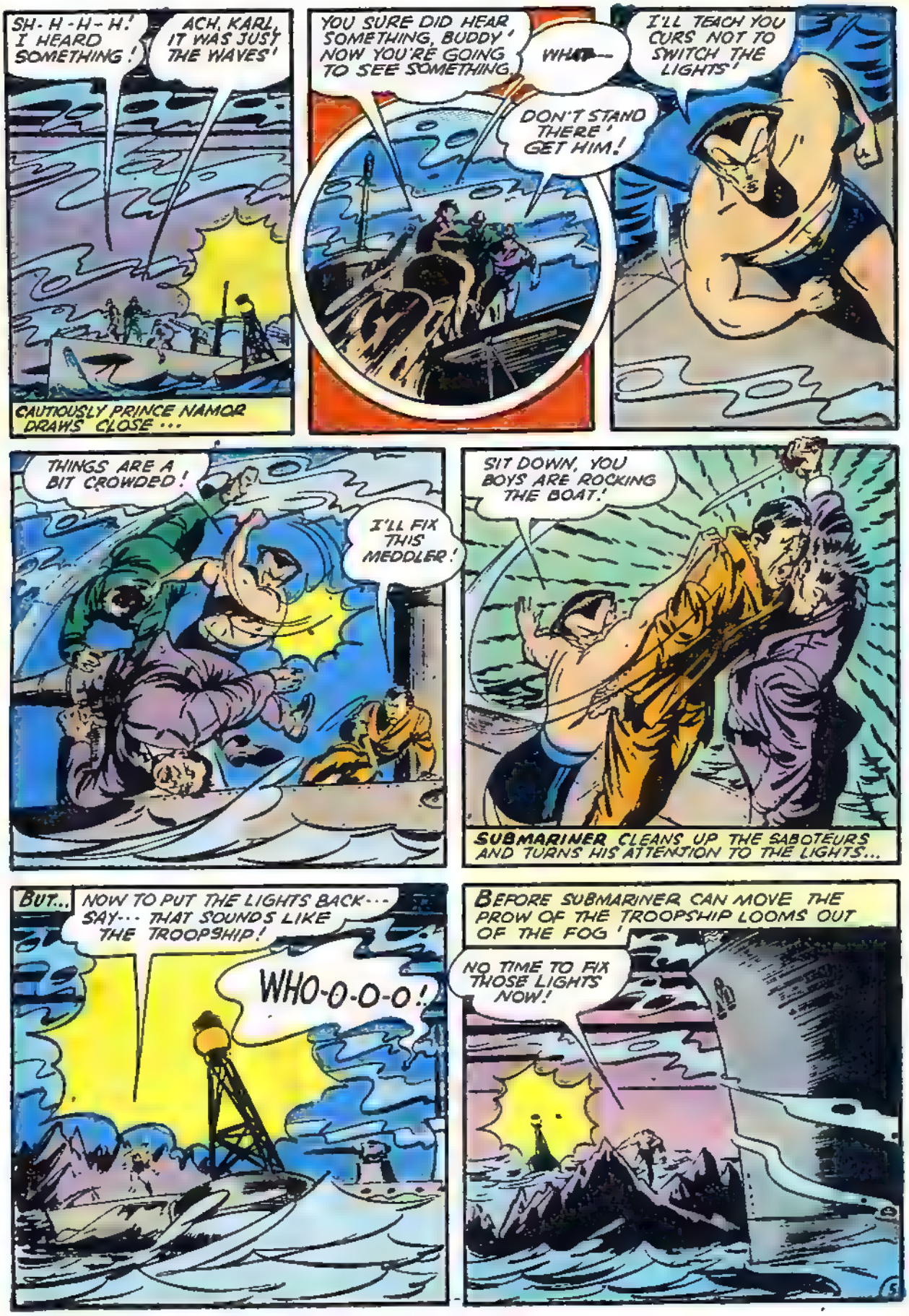

SECONDS LATER...
INSTRUCTIONS CHANGED! CLIMB TO 10,000 FEET QUICKLY!
10,000! GOSH!
OOO
IN A SHORT TIME THE PLANE LANDS SAFELY!
WELL, THIS PLANE IS SAFE, SENATOR! BUT WE'LL NEED SOME ENGINEERS TO TURN THAT MAGNET OFF!
THE INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE WILL WANT TO GO ALONG, TORCH!
LATER, AS THE F.B.I MEN CORRAL THE NAZIS, ZOMBER MOVES SWIFTLY...
I MUST ESCAPE
OOF!
HE DASHES TO A NEARBY ENCLOSURE... AND...
MY AUTO-GIRO.. IT IS READY FOR JUST SUCH AN EMERGENCY!
BUT--
AHHH! I'M ON FIRE!
TORCH'S FLAMES EXPLODE THE GAS TANK AND...
THAT'S THE END OF ZOMBER!
GOOD RIDDANCE TO ANOTHER OF HITLER'S SPIES!
MINUTES LATER...
BOY! WHAT A SET-UP THIS WAS! WE DON'T USUALLY NEED A MAGNET TO ATTRACT US TO NAZIS, DO WE, TORCH?
12

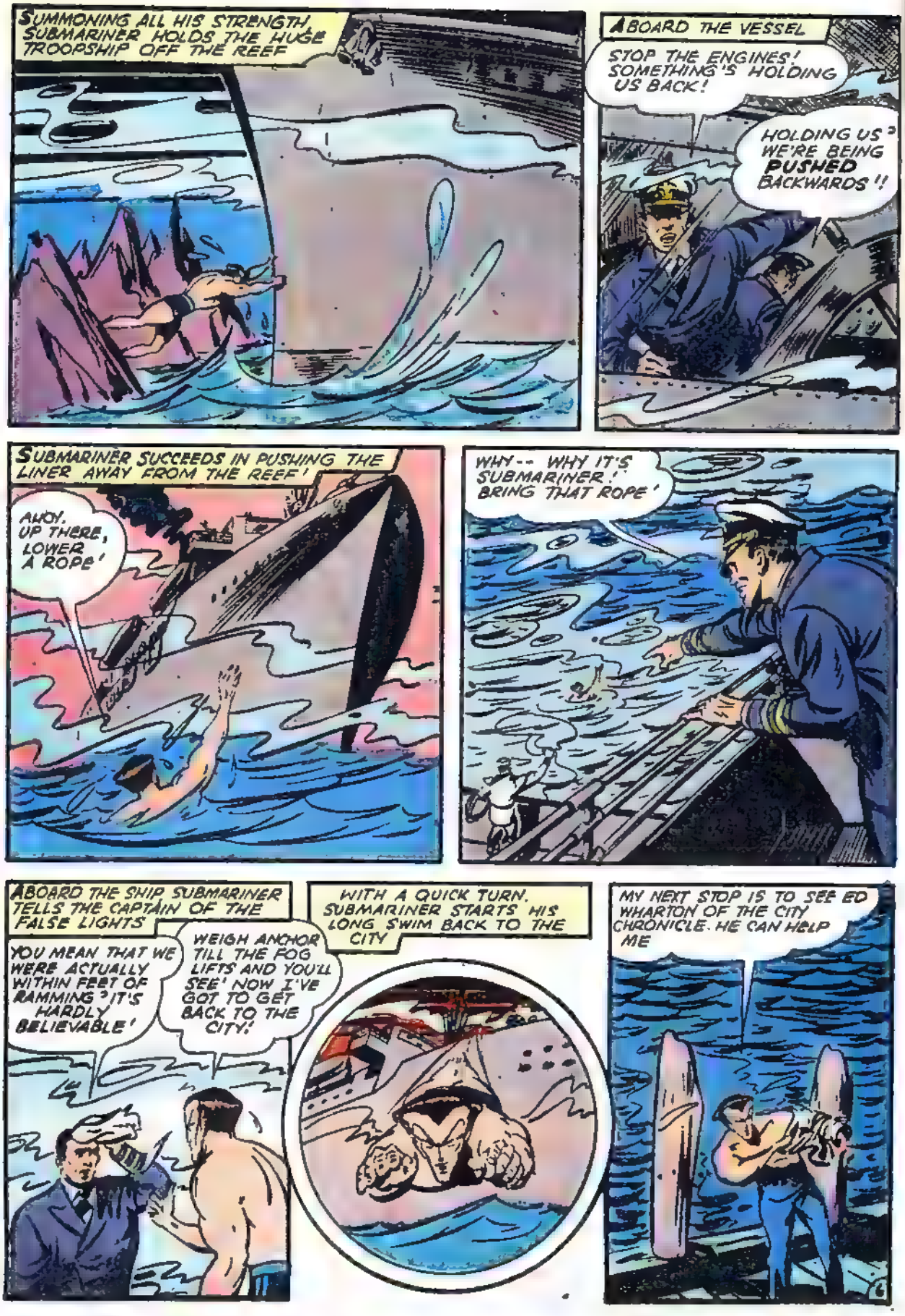
SUB-MARINER
U.S.A.
"INVISIBLE MONSTER OF THE FOG"


THROUGH THE HEAVY FOG, IN THE SMALL DARK HOURS OF THE MORNING, AN AMERICAN TROOPSHIP THREADS IT'S WAY CAREFULLY ALONG THE COAST
ON THE BRIDGE, THE CAPTAIN PEERS INTO THE FOG, LOOKING FOR THE GUIDING LIGHTS MARKING THE REEFS
THIS BLAMED FOG! CAN'T SEE A THING!
THESE ARE DANGEROUS WATERS. WE'RE NOT FAR OFFSHORE
WAIT - - THERE THEY ARE! TWO WHITE AND A RED!
PINPOINTS OF LIGHT GLEAM FROM THE BUOYS MARKING THE COURSE
TWO POINTS OFF STARBOARD KEEP WELL TO THE RIGHT OF THAT RED BUOY!
AYE, AYE, SIR TWO POINTS STARBOARD
BUT SOMETHING IS WRONG! THE TROOP LADEN LINER HEADS DIRECTLY FOR THE SHARP REEF!
WITH A RENDING, RIPPING CRASH, THE JAGGED REEF CRUSHES THE LINER'S HULL LIKE AN EGGSHELL!
CRUNCH!
2

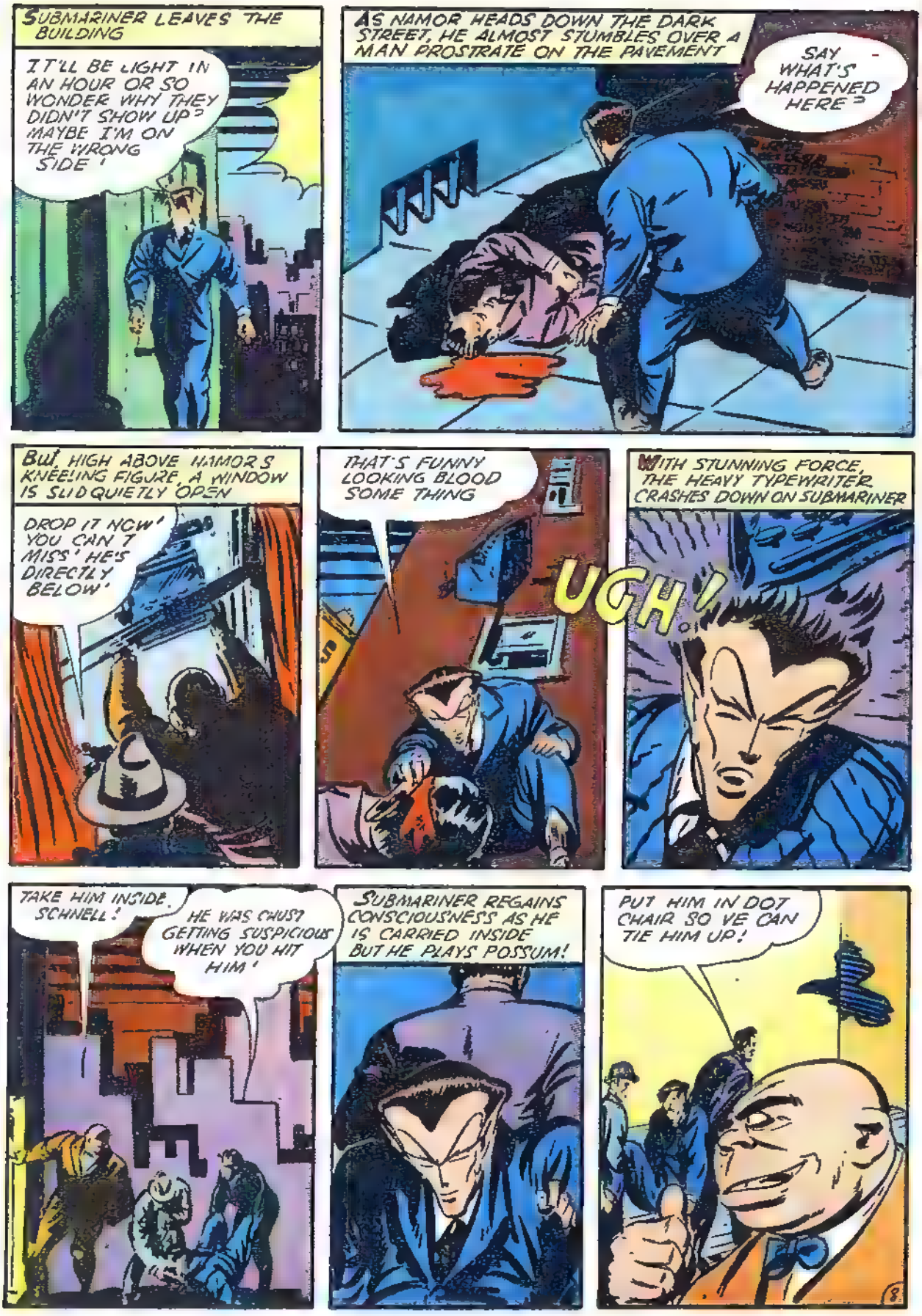

MAN THE BOATS! SEND AN S.O.S. SHE'S SINKING FAST!
THE MESSAGE IS FLASHED AND THROUGH THE QUICK WORK OF RESCUE VESSELS COMPLETE DISASTER IS AVERTED!
Later, AT THE PIER WHERE THE SURVIVORS ARE LANDED, SUBMARINER AND BETTY DEAN, THE POLICEWOMAN, TALK WITH CHIEF REILLY.
THIS MAKES FOUR CRASHES IN A MONTH --- AND ALL TROOPSHIPS!
I'D LIKE TO TALK TO THE CAPTAIN! I HEAR HE WAS SAVED! LET'S GO SEE HIM!
ANY IDEA WHY YOU RAN ONTO THE REEF, CAPTAIN?
I-I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! I'M--I'M POSITIVE I SAW THOSE LIGHTS CORRECTLY, EVEN THROUGH THE FOG-- I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN!
SOMETHING'S QUEER ABOUT THOSE WRECKS! EVERY CAPTAIN INSISTS HE SAW THE LIGHTS CORRECTLY!
RIGHT OFF OUR OWN SHORE? IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE IT COULD BE ANYTHING MORE THAN HORRIBLE ACCIDENTS! WELL, I'VE GOT TO GO ON DUTY, NAMOR
WHEN BETTY LEAVES! SUBMARINER WANDERS ALONG THE WATERFRONT!
THINK I'LL DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING! IT'S A NICE NIGHT FOR A LONG SWIM.


THE FOG HAS LIFTED. I'LL HAVE A GOOD CHANCE TO INSPECT THOSE REEFS CAREFULLY
LONG POWERFUL STROKES OF SUBMARINER'S ARMS SOON BRING HIM TO THE REEF.
EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE IN ORDER HERE! I MIGHT AS WELL GET BACK. IT'S NEAR DAWN!
A FEW DAYS LATER AT SUNDOWN
THERE'S GOING TO BE A HEAVY FOG TONIGHT --- ANOTHER LOOK AT THAT REEF MIGHT BE IN ORDER!
THAT NIGHT, THE THICK FOG HIDES SUBMARINER AS HE SWIMS TOWARDS THE REEF.
IT'S LIKELY THAT A TROOPSHIP WILL SAIL TONIGHT. THIS FOG IS A PERFECT FOIL ---
SUDDENLY, DIMLY OUTLINED THROUGH THE FOG, SUBMARINER SEES A U-BOAT AND THREE MEN ...
HURRY UP! GET THESE LIGHTS SWITCHED. THE AMERICAN TROOPSHIP WILL BE ALONG SOON!

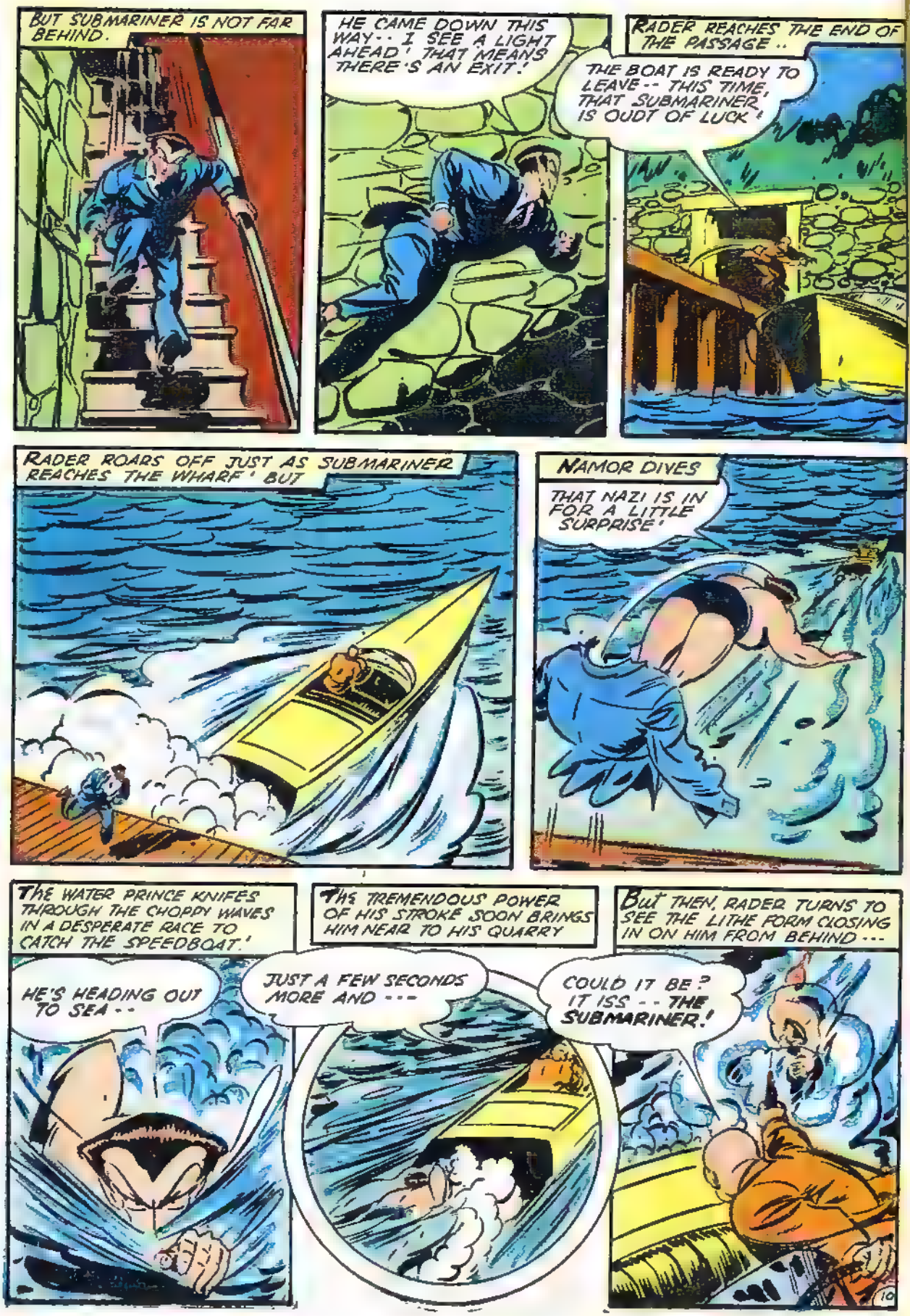

SH-H-H-H! I HEARD SOMETHING!
ACH, KARL, IT WAS JUST THE WAVES!
CAUTIOUSLY PRINCE NAMOR DRAWS CLOSE ...
YOU SURE DID HEAR SOMETHING, BUDDY! NOW YOU'RE GOING TO SEE SOMETHING.
WHA---
DON'T STAND THERE! GET HIM!
I'LL TEACH YOU CURS NOT TO SWITCH THE LIGHTS!
THINGS ARE A BIT CROWDED!
I'LL FIX THIS MEDDLER!
SIT DOWN, YOU BOYS ARE ROCKING THE BOAT!
SUBMARINER CLEANS UP THE SABOTEURS AND TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE LIGHTS...
BUT..
NOW TO PUT THE LIGHTS BACK--- SAY--- THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE TROOPSHIP!
WHO-O-O-O!
BEFORE SUBMARINER CAN MOVE THE PROW OF THE TROOPSHIP LOOMS OUT OF THE FOG!
NO TIME TO FIX THOSE LIGHTS NOW!
5

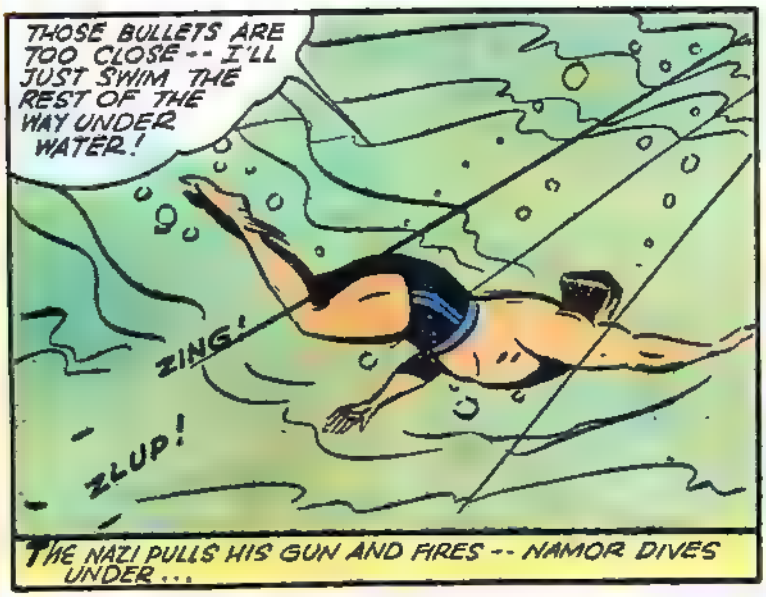

SUMMONING ALL HIS STRENGTH, SUBMARINER HOLDS THE HUGE TROOPSHIP OFF THE REEF
ABOARD THE VESSEL
STOP THE ENGINES! SOMETHING'S HOLDING US BACK!
HOLDING US? WE'RE BEING PUSHED BACKWARDS!!
SUBMARINER SUCCEEDS IN PUSHING THE LINER AWAY FROM THE REEF!
AHOY, UP THERE, LOWER A ROPE!
WHY-- WHY IT'S SUBMARINER! BRING THAT ROPE!
ABOARD THE SHIP SUBMARINER TELLS THE CAPTAIN OF THE FALSE LIGHTS
YOU MEAN THAT WE WERE ACTUALLY WITHIN FEET OF RAMMING? IT'S HARDLY BELIEVABLE!
WEIGH ANCHOR TILL THE FOG LIFTS AND YOU'LL SEE! NOW I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE CITY!
WITH A QUICK TURN, SUBMARINER STARTS HIS LONG SWIM BACK TO THE CITY
MY NEXT STOP IS TO SEE ED WHARTON OF THE CITY CHRONICLE. HE CAN HELP ME

YE GADS, NAMOR, WHAT A STORY! NAZI AGENTS ARE BEHIND IT-- NO DOUBT! WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE THEM TIP THEIR HAND-- BUT HOW?
I'VE A PLAN, BUT I'LL NEED YOUR HELP. LISTEN!
THE NEXT MORNING IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY.
HERE Y'AR! READ ALL ABOUT SUBMARINER AND THE NAZI SPY RING! GETCHA PAPERS!
GIVE ME ONE, QUICK!
EXTRA
HIMMEL! THE LEADER MUST SEE THIS!
CITY CHRONICLE
EXTRA!!
SUBMARINER TO REVEAL NAZI AGEN
IN SHIPWRECK RIN
READ THIS! THAT SUBMARINER KNOWS ALL ABOUT US--- WE MUST LEAVE THE COUNTRY IMMEDIATELY!
SIT DOWN, STUPID. SIT DOWN!
BUT- BUT--- HERR RADDER--
IT SAYS RIGHT HERE THAT SUBMARINER INTENDS TO WORK ALL NIGHT AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE PREPARING THE EVIDENCE AND CHECKING PICTURES- WELL, WE WILL ESCORT HIM HOME!
THAT NIGHT, IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHRONICLE
WELL, OUR PLAN DIDN'T WORK I WAS SURE THEY'D TRY TO GET ME WHEN THEY SAW THAT NEWS STORY-- ALMOST DAWN GUESS I'LL BE GOING.
YEAH TOUGH LUCK!

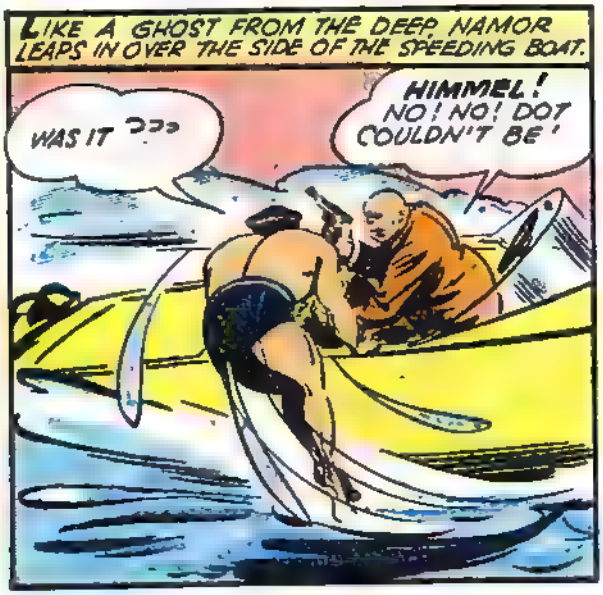

SUBMARINER LEAVES THE BUILDING
IT'LL BE LIGHT IN AN HOUR OR SO WONDER WHY THEY DIDN'T SHOW UP? MAYBE I'M ON THE WRONG SIDE!
AS NAMOR HEADS DOWN THE DARK STREET, HE ALMOST STUMBLES OVER A MAN PROSTRATE ON THE PAVEMENT
SAY - WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE?
BUT HIGH ABOVE NAMOR'S KNEELING FIGURE, A WINDOW IS SLID QUIETLY OPEN
DROP IT NOW! YOU CAN'T MISS! HE'S DIRECTLY BELOW!
THAT'S FUNNY LOOKING BLOOD SOME THING
UGH!
WITH STUNNING FORCE, THE HEAVY TYPEWRITER CRASHES DOWN ON SUBMARINER
TAKE HIM INSIDE. SCHNELL!
HE WAS CHUST GETTING SUSPICIOUS WHEN YOU HIT HIM!
SUBMARINER REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS AS HE IS CARRIED INSIDE BUT HE PLAYS POSSUM!
PUT HIM IN DOT CHAIR SO VE CAN TIE HIM UP!
8

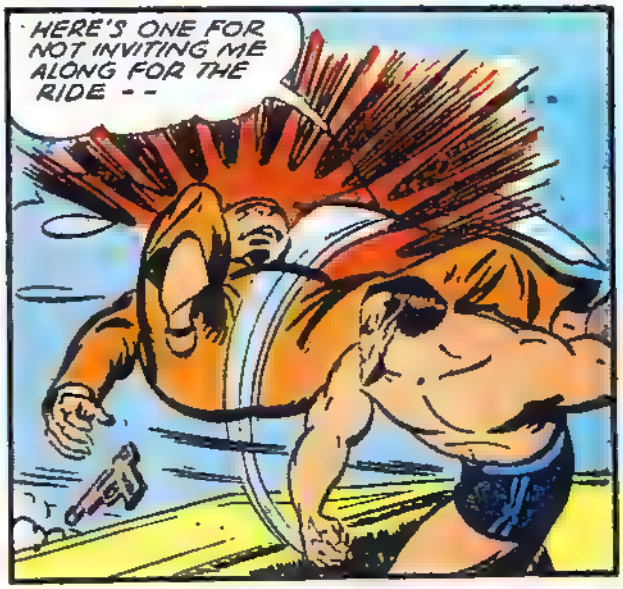
SUDDENLY, SUBMARINER SPRINGS INTO ACTION CATCHING THE NAZIS BY SURPRISE!
SURPRISE! DID YOU THINK I'LL FALL ASLEEP ON MY HOSTS!
HAVE A CHAIR!
CRACK!
YEOW!
LET'S NOT USE GUNS!
THEN WE USE KNIVES!
A TERRIFIC UPPERCUT ENDS THE FIGHT.
THANKS FOR TELLING ME -- NOW FOR YOUR HEAD -MAN!
ACH!
SUBMARINER TURNS JUST IN TIME TO SEE RADER RACING OUT A BACK DOOR!
IF I CAN REACH THE END OF THIS PASSAGE I'LL BE SAFE!
THE NAZI RUNS DOWN A LONG FLIGHT OF STEPS INTO THE CELLAR!
9

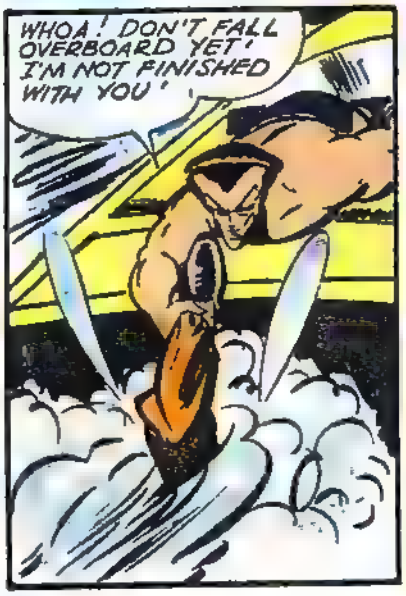

BUT SUBMARINER IS NOT FAR BEHIND.
HE CAME DOWN THIS WAY-- I SEE A LIGHT AHEAD! THAT MEANS THERE'S AN EXIT!
RADER REACHES THE END OF THE PASSAGE..
THE BOAT IS READY TO LEAVE-- THIS TIME, THAT SUBMARINER IS OUDT OF LUCK!
RADER ROARS OFF JUST AS SUBMARINER REACHES THE WHARF! BUT
NAMOR DIVES
THAT NAZI IS IN FOR A LITTLE SURPRISE!
THE WATER PRINCE KNIFES THROUGH THE CHOPPY WAVES IN A DESPERATE RACE TO CATCH THE SPEEDBOAT!
HE'S HEADING OUT TO SEA--
THE TREMENDOUS POWER OF HIS STROKE SOON BRINGS HIM NEAR TO HIS QUARRY
JUST A FEW SECONDS MORE AND ---
BUT THEN, RADER TURNS TO SEE THE LITHE FORM CLOSING IN ON HIM FROM BEHIND ---
COULD IT BE? IT ISS -- THE SUBMARINER!
10

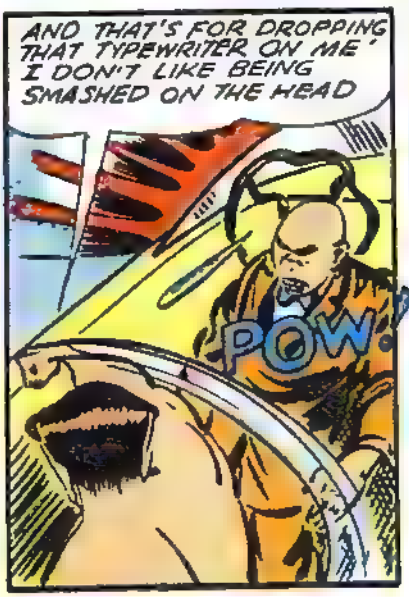

THOSE BULLETS ARE TOO CLOSE -- I'LL JUST SWIM THE REST OF THE WAY UNDER WATER!
ZING!
ZLUP!
THE NAZI PULLS HIS GUN AND FIRES -- NAMOR DIVES UNDER...

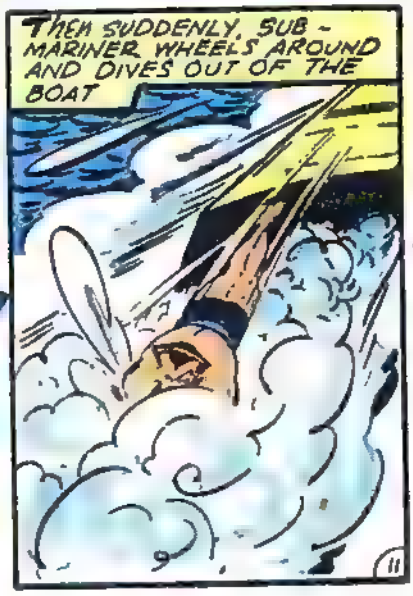
HA! NOT EVEN THE SUBMARINER SHTAND COLD LEAD! THAT WAS HIS LAST SCHWIM!

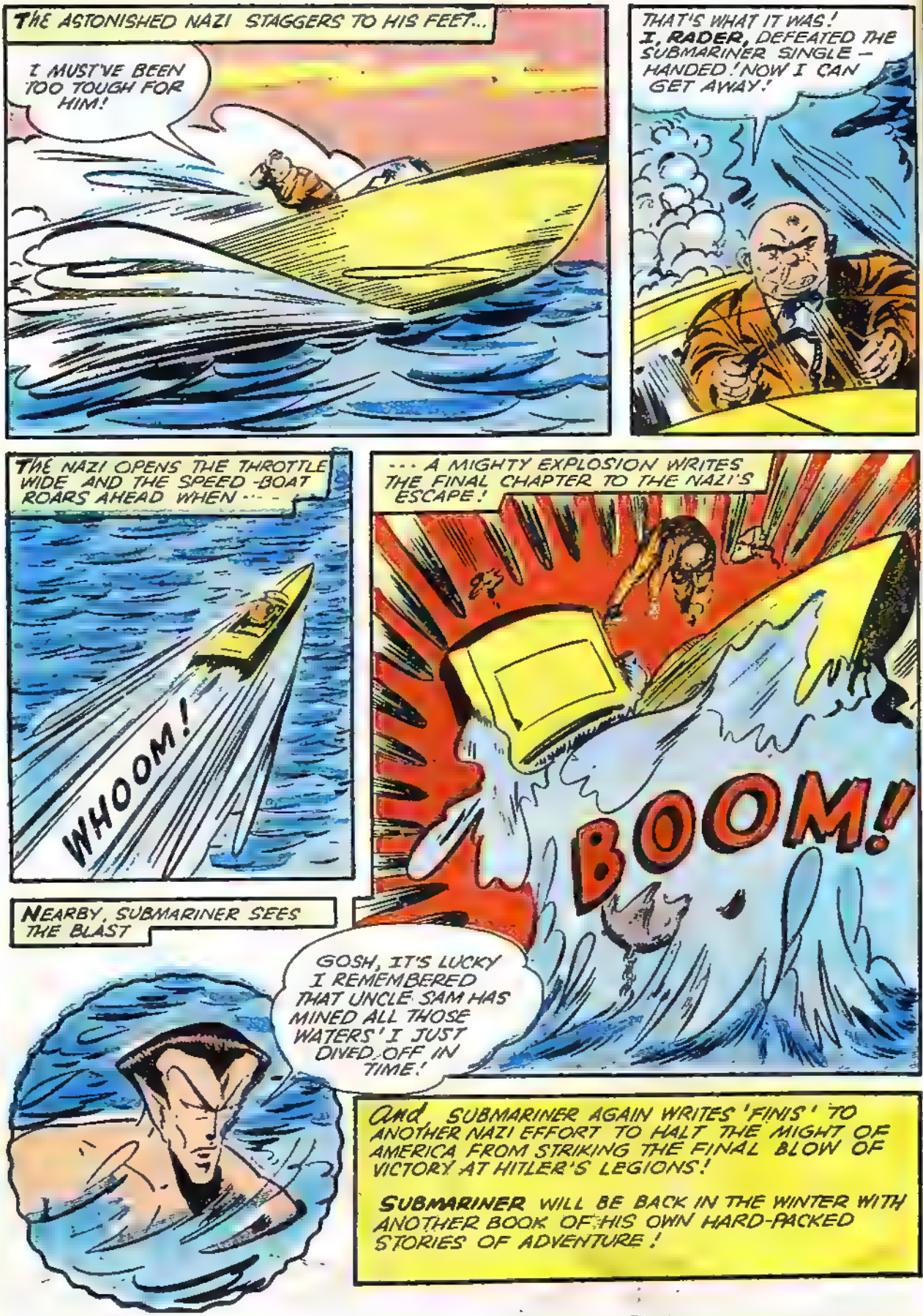

LIKE A GHOST FROM THE DEEP, NAMOR LEAPS IN OVER THE SIDE OF THE SPEEDING BOAT.
WAS IT ???
HIMMEL! NO! NO! DOT COULDN'T BE!

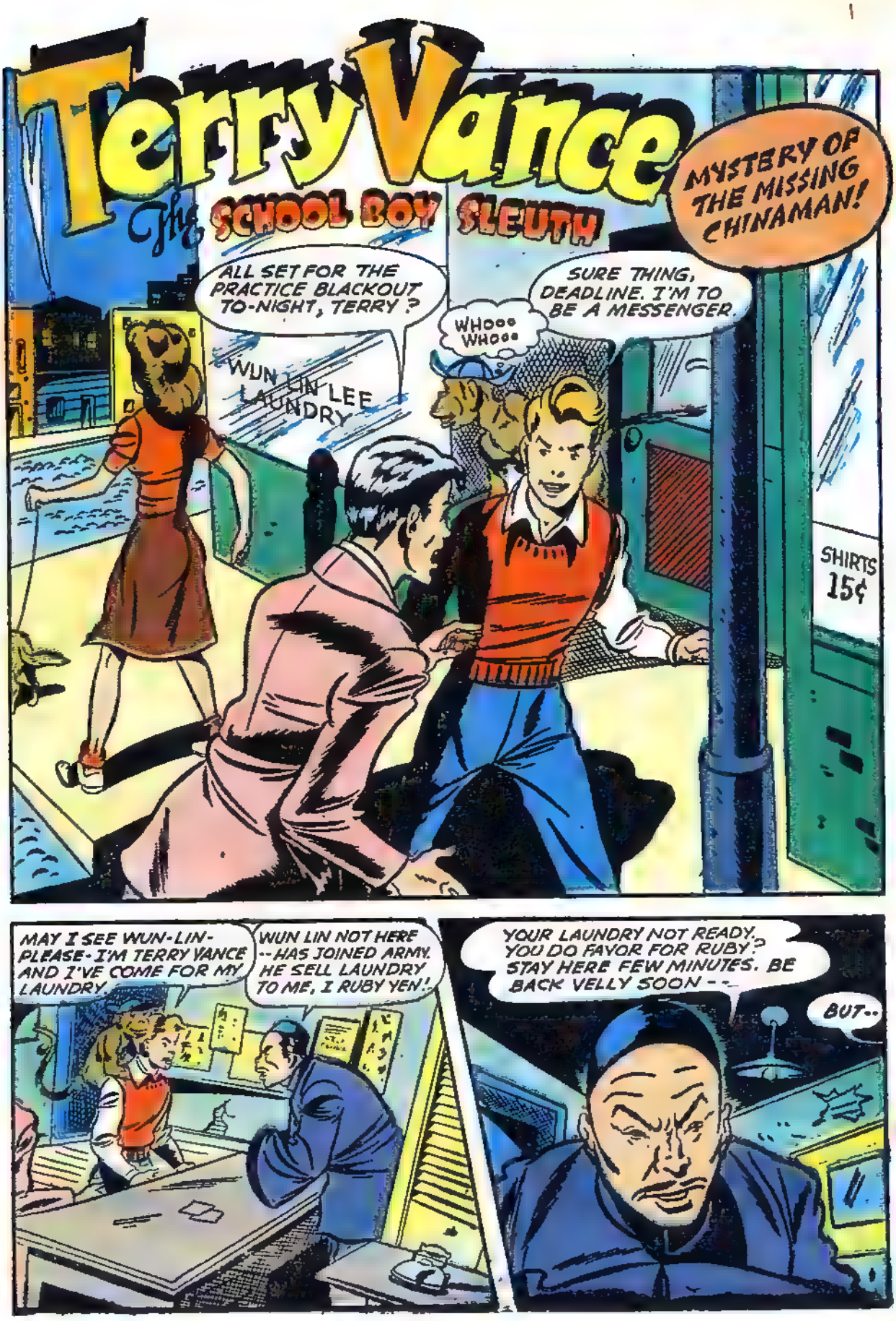

HERE'S ONE FOR NOT INVITING ME ALONG FOR THE RIDE --


WHOA! DON'T FALL OVERBOARD YET! I'M NOT FINISHED WITH YOU!


AND THAT'S FOR DROPPING THAT TYPEWRITER ON ME! I DON'T LIKE BEING SMASHED ON THE HEAD
POW!

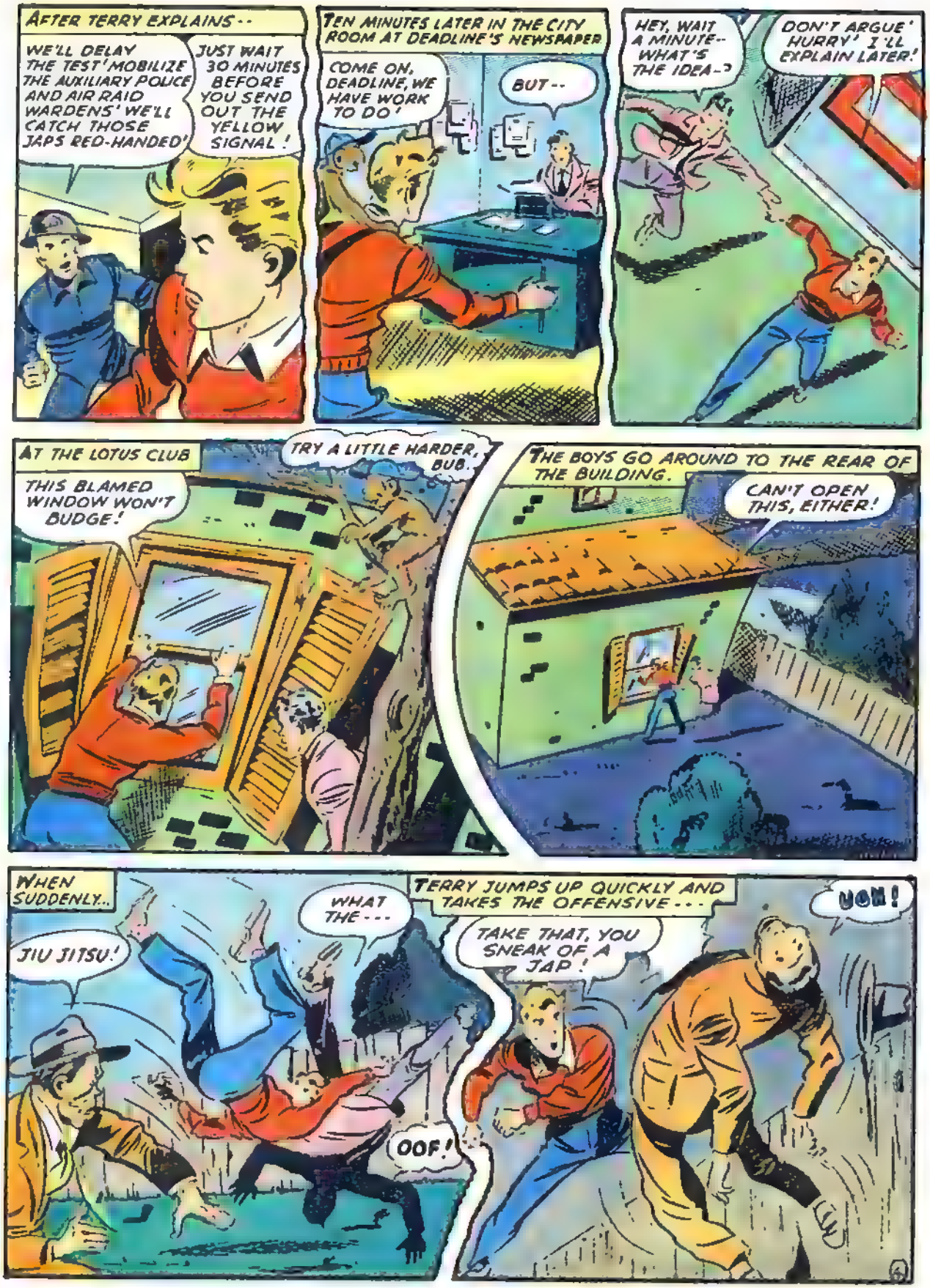

THEN SUDDENLY, SUB-MARINER WHEELS AROUND AND DIVES OUT OF THE BOAT

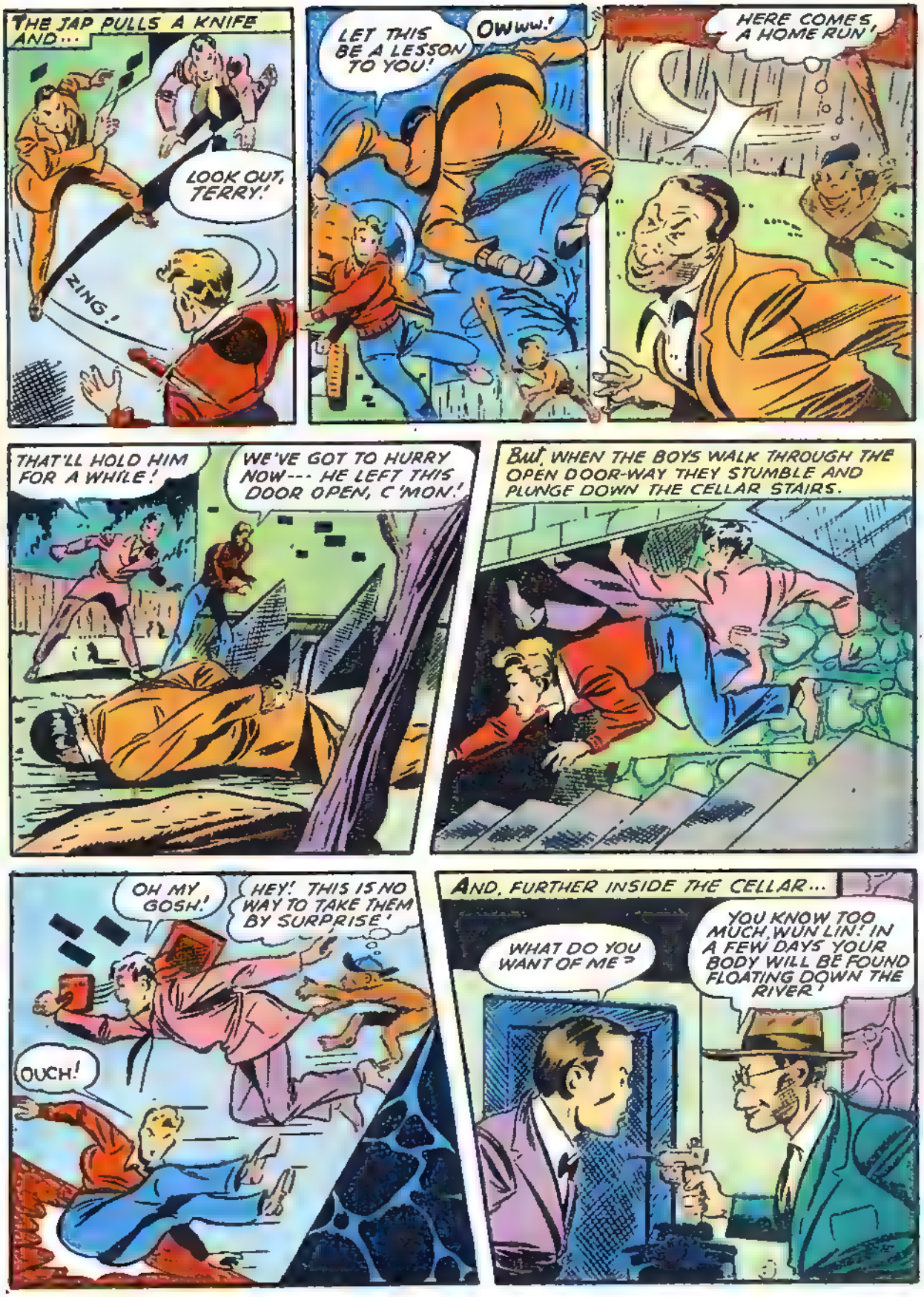

THE ASTONISHED NAZI STAGGERS TO HIS FEET...
I MUST'VE BEEN TOO TOUGH FOR HIM!
THAT'S WHAT IT WAS! I, RADER, DEFEATED THE SUBMARINER SINGLE-HANDED! NOW I CAN GET AWAY!
THE NAZI OPENS THE THROTTLE WIDE AND THE SPEED-BOAT ROARS AHEAD WHEN ...
WHOOM!
... A MIGHTY EXPLOSION WRITES THE FINAL CHAPTER TO THE NAZI'S ESCAPE!
BOOM!
NEARBY, SUBMARINER SEES THE BLAST
GOSH, IT'S LUCKY I REMEMBERED THAT UNCLE SAM HAS MINED ALL THOSE WATERS! I JUST DIVED OFF IN TIME!
And SUBMARINER AGAIN WRITES 'FINIS' TO ANOTHER NAZI EFFORT TO HALT THE MIGHT OF AMERICA FROM STRIKING THE FINAL BLOW OF VICTORY AT HITLER'S LEGIONS!
SUBMARINER WILL BE BACK IN THE WINTER WITH ANOTHER BOOK OF HIS OWN HARD-PACKED STORIES OF ADVENTURE!


Terry Vance
The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH
MYSTERY OF THE MISSING CHINAMAN!
ALL SET FOR THE PRACTICE BLACKOUT TO-NIGHT, TERRY ?
SURE THING, DEADLINE. I'M TO BE A MESSENGER.
WHOOO WHOOO
WUN LIN LEE LAUNDRY
SHIRTS 15¢
MAY I SEE WUN-LIN-PLEASE-I'M TERRY VANCE AND I'VE COME FOR MY LAUNDRY.
WUN LIN NOT HERE --HAS JOINED ARMY. HE SELL LAUNDRY TO ME, I RUBY YEN!
YOUR LAUNDRY NOT READY. YOU DO FAVOR FOR RUBY? STAY HERE FEW MINUTES. BE BACK VELLY SOON - -
BUT..

HE DIDN'T EVEN WAIT FOR YOU TO ANSWER!
YEAH AND WHAT'S MORE, I DON'T THINK HE'S A CHINAMAN!
WELL, HE'S NO ESKIMO!
SLAM!
WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT, TERRY?
LOOK, DEADLINE - I HAPPEN TO KNOW WUN LIN TRIED TO JOIN THE ARMY LAST MONTH, AND WAS REJECTED. THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER AFOOT. I HAVE A HUNCH THIS RUBY IS A JAP!
WHAT GIVES YOU THAT IDEA?
I'M NOT SURE--BUT I'LL HIDE IN THIS BASKET - - - YOU COVER ME UP! RUBY YEN WILL NEVER SUSPECT A THING!
HEY! WAIT FOR BABY!
THIRTY MINUTES LATER -
WHERE FRIEND?
OH, HE HAD TO GO HOME! I TOLD HIM I'D STAY UNTIL YOU GOT BACK.
SHORTLY AFTER, DEADLINE DEPARTS -
YAMANATO! MURUSHU! EVERYTHING WELL?
YES, EXCELLENCY! WUN LIN IS AT LOTUS CLUB. CHINESE FOOL STRUGGLE LONG TIME. NO MATTER - WE SUBDUE HIM.
HONORABLE SIR SHOW SPLENDID FORESIGHT IN SELECTING LOTOS CLUB AS HIDE OUT!
NATURALLY, MURUSHU! BUILDING CLOSED TWO YEARS - - NOBODY SUSPECT!

HAS CONTROL ROOM TELEPHONE BEEN TAPPED, YAMANATO?
THAT WAS ACCOMPLISHED THIS MORNING!
SPLENDID! AND REMEMBER, WHEN YELLOW SIGNAL COME, YOU CALL HERE. THEN, TAKE POSTS AT DAM!
WHEN RED SIGNAL RECEIVED, LIGHTS GO OUT. THEN YOU BLOW UP DAM! CITY WILL BE FLOODED AS PLANNED!
BUT SUPPOSE, EXCELLENCY, WUN LIN ESCAPES DURING BLACKOUT?
THAT IS NOT TO HAPPEN. PREVIOUSLY WUN LIN SUFFER, SHALL WE SAY, UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT? COME! WE SEE TO THAT NOW!
AT THE CONTROL ROOM THAT EVENING!
TEN SECONDS TO GO BEFORE THE YELLOW SIGNAL..
ALL RIGHT, BILL! SEND OUT THE...
SUDDENLY, THE DOOR OPENS!
HOLD THAT SIGNAL!
3


AFTER TERRY EXPLAINS--
WE'LL DELAY THE TEST! MOBILIZE THE AUXILIARY POLICE AND AIR RAID WARDENS! WE'LL CATCH THOSE JAPS RED-HANDED!
JUST WAIT 30 MINUTES BEFORE YOU SEND OUT THE YELLOW SIGNAL!
TEN MINUTES LATER IN THE CITY ROOM AT DEADLINE'S NEWSPAPER
COME ON, DEADLINE, WE HAVE WORK TO DO!
BUT--
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE-- WHAT'S THE IDEA--?
DON'T ARGUE! HURRY! I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!
AT THE LOTUS CLUB
THIS BLAMED WINDOW WON'T BUDGE!
TRY A LITTLE HARDER, BUB.
THE BOYS GO AROUND TO THE REAR OF THE BUILDING.
CAN'T OPEN THIS, EITHER!
WHEN SUDDENLY..
JIU JITSU!
WHAT THE---
OOF!
TERRY JUMPS UP QUICKLY AND TAKES THE OFFENSIVE---
TAKE THAT, YOU SNEAK OF A JAP!
UGH!


THE JAP PULLS A KNIFE AND...
LOOK OUT, TERRY!
ZING!
LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU!
OWwww!
HERE COMES A HOME RUN!
THAT'LL HOLD HIM FOR A WHILE!
WE'VE GOT TO HURRY NOW--- HE LEFT THIS DOOR OPEN, C'MON!
But, WHEN THE BOYS WALK THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR-WAY THEY STUMBLE AND PLUNGE DOWN THE CELLAR STAIRS.
OH MY GOSH!
HEY! THIS IS NO WAY TO TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE!
OUCH!
AND, FURTHER INSIDE THE CELLAR...
WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?
YOU KNOW TOO MUCH, WUN LIN! IN A FEW DAYS YOUR BODY WILL BE FOUND FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER!

THAT'S MURDER!
NO, PIG OF A CHINESE, NOT MURDER--JUST A KIND OF JAP SUICIDE!
SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS GO OUT---
HELP MURUSHO, WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!
BANG!
SOCKO!
SMACK!
THERE IS A TERRIFIC COMMOTION IN THE BASEMENT THEN, THE DOOR OPENS AND A MAN APPEARS!
THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, MY FINE FEATHERED NIP!
BUT--
IT'S WUN LIN! WUN! WE'VE COME TO HELP YOU!
GOOD! LISTEN! THE JAPS ARE FIGHTING EACH OTHER INSIDE. LET'S JOIN THE SCRAP!
THE JAPS ARE OVER-COME IN SHORT ORDER
THE YELLOW SIGNAL IS JUST GOING OUT!
AIN'T WE GOT FUN!
DISGUISING HIS VOICE, TERRY CALLS RUBY YEN ON THE PHONE.
THIS YAMAMOTO, EXCELLENCY! YELLOW WARNING JUST COME!
LEAVING DEADLINE TO COVER THE JAPS TERRY AND WUNLIN RACE OUT!
I HOPE WE WON'T BE TOO LATE FOR THE SHOW AT THE DAM!
THE JAPS HAVE A CAR IN THE GARAGE WE CAN USE THAT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER THE AIR RAID SIREN WAILS!
PULL YOUR CAR OVER TO THE CURB, YOUNG FELLOW!
OH, FOR THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL-
RUNNING THE REST OF THE WAY, THE BOYS REACH THE DAM AS THE JAPS ARE LED FROM THE BRIDGE!
WE'RE TOO LATE!
IT DOESN'T MATTER! THEY'VE CAPTURED THE JAPS!
LOOK! RUBY YEN IS ESCAPING!
AFTER HIM!
HE'S GETTING AWAY!
BUT, A FEW MINUTES LATER...
TAKE THIS MONKEY AWAY! TAKE HIM AWAY!
O.K., DR. WATSON, YOU CAN STOP!
SHUCKS! JUST WHEN IT WAS BECOMING INTERESTING!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF RUBY YEN-- I HAVE A SPECIAL SCORE TO SETTLE WITH HIM!
I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, WUN LIN, BUT WE MUST HAND RUBY OVER TO THE POLICE!
CONGRATULATIONS, BOYS, ON YOUR GOOD WORK! YOU SAVED THE CITY FROM DESTRUCTION!
THANKS.
ME FOR THE NEAREST PHONE! THIS IS THE BEST STORY OF THE YEAR!
WELL, DEADLINE, THERE'LL BE ANOTHER WOW OF A STORY FOR YOU WHEN TERRY VANCE RETURNS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!

SO YOU'RE 18

THE recruiting officer looked up from his desk and suppressed a smile.

"Your name?"

"Fred Hamilton, Sir."

"Address?"

"Southberg, Maryland."

"Age?"

"Eighteen, Sir."

Sergeant Callahan leaned back and sighed.

"Look, kid, go on home and wait till you grow up. You don't look a day over sixteen . . ."

"Oh, but I am, Sir. I look younger than I am, everybody says so but I'm 18, Sir, and I want a crack at those Japs."

"What are you doing here in Chicago?"

"Well, you see, Sir, they wouldn't believe me in Baltimore, and I came here trying to get some proof of my age. Dr. Martin took up his practice in Chicago right after I was born, and I thought I could find him, now I'm told he left here several years ago. There's no record of my birth in Southberg, but Dr. Martin would remember, I'm sure of that."

"What makes you think he'd remember? He'd be 45 or more now. How many babies do you think. . ." The Sergeant was filling out some papers.

"Well, Sir, Dr. Martin was a very young doctor when. . . ."

Sergeant Callahan interrupted.

"You wouldn't tell the United States government a lie just to get a crack at the Japs, would you?" he asked, managing to keep his face straight.

"Oh, no, Sir.

"Can you get your parents to sign an authorization?"

"My parents are dead; I live with my grandmother. My mother died when I was six. I remember it very well, Sir. She said I was six that night and I've kept track of it. That makes me 18."

"Sign this, son, and get your grandmother to sign the authorization. Then come back and we'll see what the M. D.'s say. . . ."

PRIVATE Fred Hamilton was under fire from the first day he entered camp. Verbal fire, it was true, but Fred infinitely would have preferred the Japs. Back in Southberg, and now here at Camp Crowder, there were the same old gibes. At home, when he'd talked of enlistment, his buddies kidded him.

"Okay," he said to Joe Simpson, right after Pearl Harbor. "I guess I know my age better than anyone else, and the Japs can't do this without me getting in. I'll be 18 June first, and then I'm going to enlist. . . ."

"Nobody'll believe you're eighteen," Joe came back. "You don't look it in the first place, and your grandmother says you'll only be 16 your next birthday. I'm sixteen now, and I look older than you do. How you going to enlist when it's like that, baby face?"

It took a lot of restraint to let a guy get away with a remark like that but Fred only closed his fist tight and turned away. He'd save his fighting until it would do some good.

And here at camp, it was just as bad.

"So they're taking children in the Army now," Chuck Hansen observed that first day. "What're you going to do when you get homesick and can't see your Mama?"

Fred's face turned white and the muscles of his arms tensed but he turned away as usual. He'd show 'em . . . some day it'd be different.

He took naturally to Army routine, always doing more than he was asked. Three months passed, and he began to hear talk about moving on. He worked harder than ever. When the time for action came he wanted to be ready.

Within another month, he was on the train bound for San Diego. His face and arms were a deep tan and he had added fifteen pounds to the 130 he weighed when he took the oath. Also, he was an inch taller—five feet, ten, now. He'd show 'em. Just give him a crack at those Japs. . . .

A month later, it looked like he was going to get just that and when the transports, with their convoy, moved out across the Pacific, his heart was singing. Also, two chevrons were on his sleeve and he was Corporal Hamilton.

THE western advance on Japanese positions on the Matamkau River were continuing. The American forces had crossed the river near its mouth and occupied Point Cruz, a mile to the west. Japanese were still in the deep jungles farther up the river. Corporal Hamilton was in the thick of it.

As he crawled along on his hands and knees, his heart was pounding. He thought of his grandmother and Joe Simpson. It was swell of her to sign the authorization. And what would Joe say now—Joe, who had said he'd never be able to enlist. Sergeant Callahan was a swell guy, too. . . .

The brush was thick and large palm leaves served to hide him from any Japs who might be scouting around. Well, he'd carried out his mission, and if he got back okay, why. . . . He was pretty weak and he'd lost considerable blood. . . . He'd rest again. . Hours later, he came within sight of the American base.

HE lay on his cot in the field hospital and stared at the ceiling, perspiring. His thoughts were a confused mixture of Southberg, Guadalcanal, jungles and Japs. The shoulder wound hurt most but he'd gotten the Jap who did it and wiped out the machine gun nest, too. The cuts and bruises didn't bother him so much, although there must be dozens of them.

When they first brought him in, they said he was a hero, and there was talk of a medal and promotion. Now, everyone acted strange. . . . Oh, sure, they all were grand . nurses, doctors and even the Colonel. But they were keeping something from him—he sensed that by the quick glances, the whispers. . .

A week had passed and he was recovering rapidly. The nurses said he'd be out in a few days. Then, one day, the Colonel told him.

"Your grandmother has complained that you were only 16 when you enlisted . . . says she needs you at home. Tough luck, Corporal, but we'll have to give you a discharge. Looked like a promotion was coming, too, and maybe a decoration. . . ."

Fred did some fast thinking. Somebody in Southberg was back of this. His grandmother would never do it on her own. . .

"But I was 18, Sir I swear it. Dr. Martin knows, but. .

The Colonel was silent for a moment. Something was clicking in his mind. Then, glancing quickly back at Fred, "What's that about a Doctor Martin? Do you know his first name, son?"

"Dr. Alex. Martin, Sir."

The Colonel glanced sideways and an orderly came to attention beside him. The Colonel said, "there's a Doctor Alexander Martin somewhere in these islands—I don't know exactly where, but find out at headquarters and report back to me." He grinned at Corporal Hamilton. "You're entitled to every consideration, Corporal, and if Dr. Martin isn't too far away and can substantiate your claim, we'll even go so far as to get him here. . . "

TWO days passed, and Fred was ready to leave the hospital. Physically, he was in fine shape, but his heart was heavy. It was too much to expect—or even hope—that Dr. Martin could be found. And without his testimony, he'd be unable to furnish proof of his age. Well, it was going to be a hard job to go back to Southberg. To Joe Simpson and his "I told you so."

Suddenly, he stood at attention. The Colonel was approaching. Two others were with him. Fred's head swam for a moment—was that Sergeant Callahan? The Colonel spoke.

"Here're a couple of old friends, Corporal," he began. "Doctor Martin was closer than we thought, and Sergeant Callahan arrived just a few days ago—wanted some active service."

Fred smiled and part of the load lifted from his heart. .

Dr. Martin said, "You've certainly grown up, Fred."

Sergeant Callahan, his shoulders straight and his face serious, winked. "How you feeling, Corporal?"

The Colonel spoke again. "All right, Doctor?" he invited.

"Well, Colonel Harris," the physician began, grinning happily. "It was a long time ago. I was just out of medical college, had served my internship, and hung out my shingle in this little village.

"Who could forget his first case? I got a hurry call that very night—a baby case. I remember it as though it were yesterday. . . . Mrs. Frederick Hamilton."

Fred's mouth was dry; his hands moist. His face had lost most of the color it had regained in the hospital. It all depended now on what Dr. Martin said. He wondered if he really had understood his mother that night. Dr. Martin was speaking. .

"I brought the baby, a fine child—yes, it was a boy. Everything went fine. I made a report, but a few months later the town hall burned to the ground.

"But, as I said, Colonel, who could forget his first case? I was 26 then; I'm 45, now. "

COLONEL HARRIS looked directly at Fred. "Congratulations," he said, and his voice was sincere. "Tomorrow, there'll be something to pin on that blouse that you'll always be proud of. And there'll be a promotion. The Army needs soldiers like you."

He turned to the physician. "Thanks, Doctor. . . . Will you call on me this evening . . . think a few days leave would do you a lot of good.

"Sergeant Callahan, how about staying here with this boy an hour or so? Two Sergeants ought to have a great many things to talk about."

THE END.

THE VISION
A WEIRD RITUAL OF JAPANESE TORTURE CALLS THE VISION FORTH— EVER GRIM AND WITH UNCONQUERABLE PURPOSE— TO FLING HIS MYSTERIOUS MIGHT AGAINST THE COMMON ENEMY WHO TRIED TO SABOTAGE—
THE CHINA MISSION

A CAR SPEEDS DOWN THE NATIVE ROAD. DEEP IN THE FOOTHILLS OF CENTRAL CHINA.
FEN-CHEN VILLAGE AHEAD, AND WITHIN THE HOUR···
AND IN THE CAR IS A SPECIAL AMERICAN ENVOY, JOHN ADAMS.
···I'LL BE IN SECRET CONFERENCE WITH GENERALISSIMO CHANG KAI SHEK···
SUDDENLY···
YEOW! A CAMOUFLAGED PIT!
CRASH!
IT'S A TRAP! JAP DEVILS!
AT GUNPOINT, ADAMS IS FORCED OUT OF THE WRECK
HAH! IT IS THE AMERICAN ENVOY·· EXCELLENT!
YOU INHUMAN MURDERERS!
TO THE HUT WITH HIM!!
WHAT ARE YOU DEVILS UP TO?
IT WOULD BE WISE OF AMERICAN ENVOY TO LOOSEN TONGUE AND SAVE HIMSELF UNNECESSARY TORTURE
JOHN ADAMS IS LED INSIDE THE NATIVE HUT
GOOD HEAVENS! BRANDING IRONS!
YES! YOU WERE TO MEET THE GENERALISSIMO! WHERE?
2

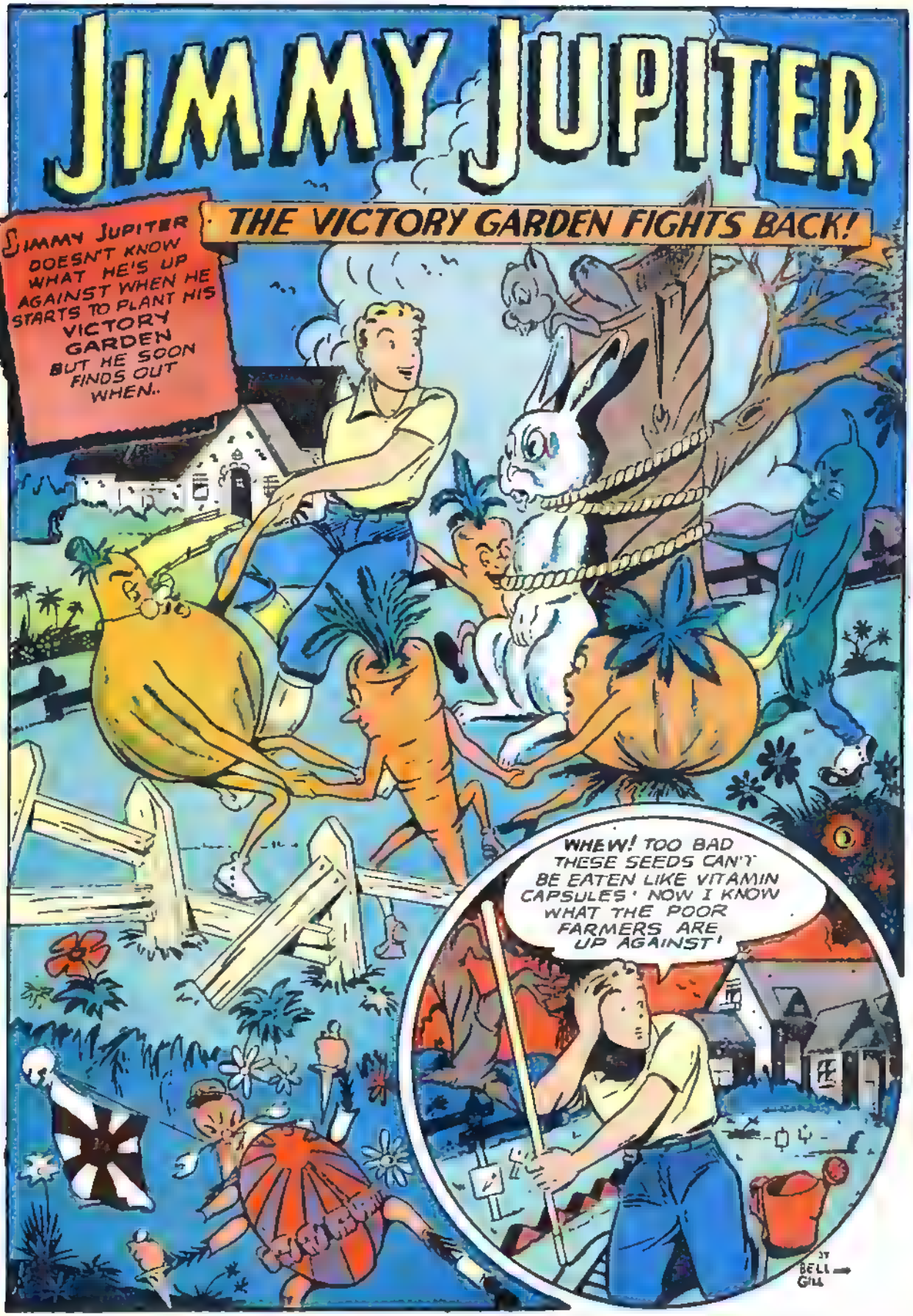
YOU HEATHEN KILLERS! YOU'LL LEARN NOTHING FROM ME!
VERY WELL! PLACE HIM IN THE CHAIR!
STOP! YOU-YOU CAN'T BRAND ME!
ADAMS IS STRAPPED INTO THE CHAIR AND THEN···
BRANDING? NO. SOMETHING MORE EFFECTIVE— SLITS OF BAMBOO UP THE FINGER NAILS···· LIKE THIS!
AIEEE!
THEN, I LIGHT THEM AND, AS THE BAMBOO BURNS UNDER YOUR FLESH, THE TONGUE STARTS TO TALK— I GUARANTEE THAT!
OHHHH
STOP! STOP IT! I'LL TELL— FEN-CHEN VILLAGE AT NINE P.M.
WAIT! THE BAMBOO— PUT IT OUT!
WE HAVE NO TIME--- GOODBYE, HELPFUL ONE!
CALM YOURSELF. I AM A FRIEND··· AN ENEMY OF YOUR ENEMIES.
WHA-??
BY THE GODS! IT'S A DEMON!
WHOEVER YOU ARE, I'M SURE THE HEAT OF THE IRON WILL DISPOSE OF YOU.

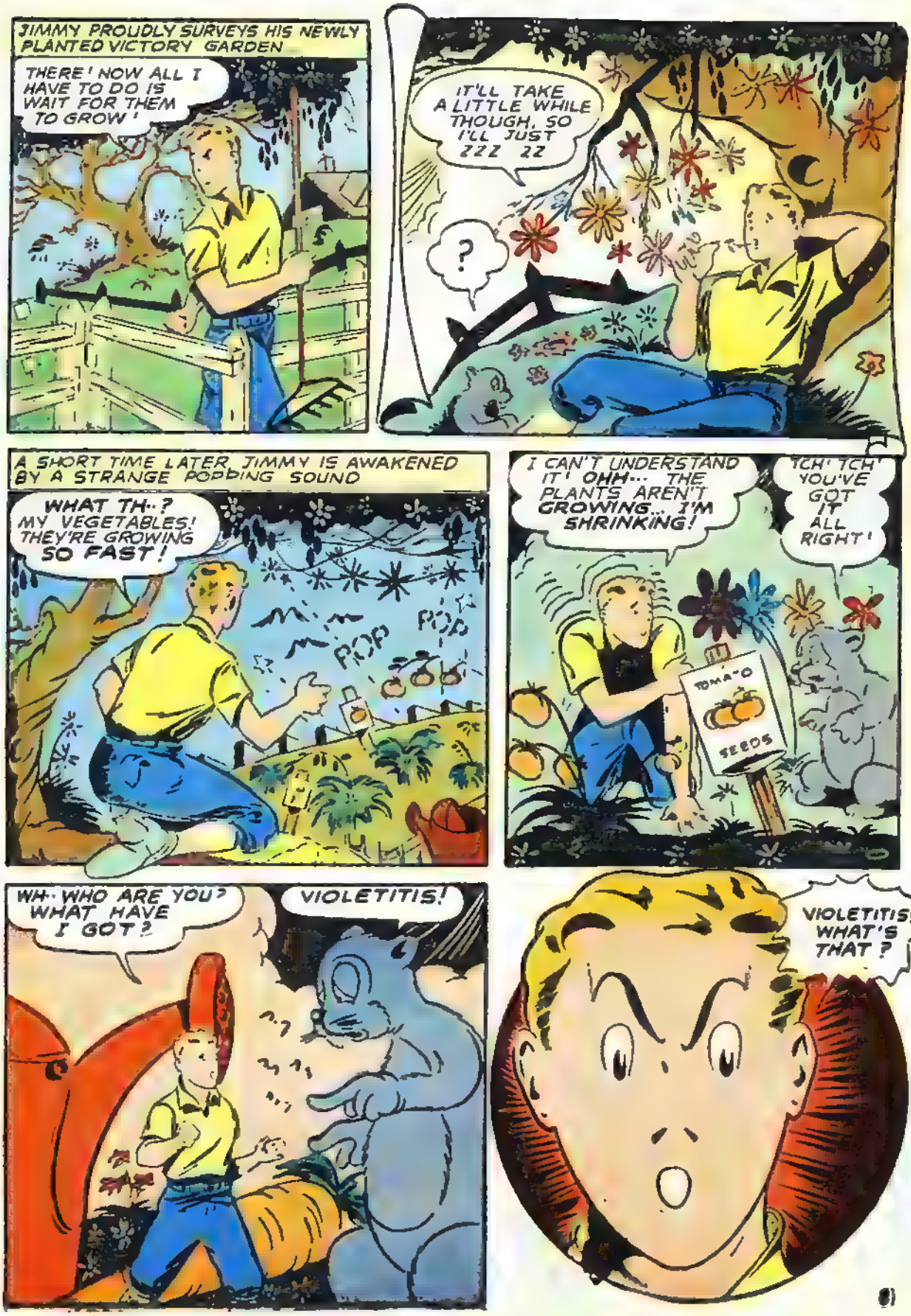
I ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE, EVIL ONE!
TAKE IT!
THE VISION PLUCKS THE INSTRUMENT OUT OF THE AIR.
YI! HE HOLDS IT IN HIS HAND!
MERE HEAT CANNOT HURT ME.
HOWEVER, LET US TEST YOUR RESISTANCE TO IT!
OH! LET ME OUT OF HERE!
THE IRON STRIKES!
AIEEEE!
MORE EMBARRASSED THAN HURT, THE JAP LEADER REJOINS HIS MEN
AWAY FROM THIS ACCURSED PLACE! TO FEN-CHEN VILLAGE!
HURRY, HONORABLE COMMANDER.
IT IS WELL THAT THEY LEAVE. THEY HAVE MANY SURPRISES IN STORE FOR THEM.
THE VISION DOCTORS THE ENVOY'S HANDS AFTER FREEING HIM.
THERE! THAT SHOULD HELP— UNTIL YOU GET MEDICAL AID!
WH- WHO ARE YOU?

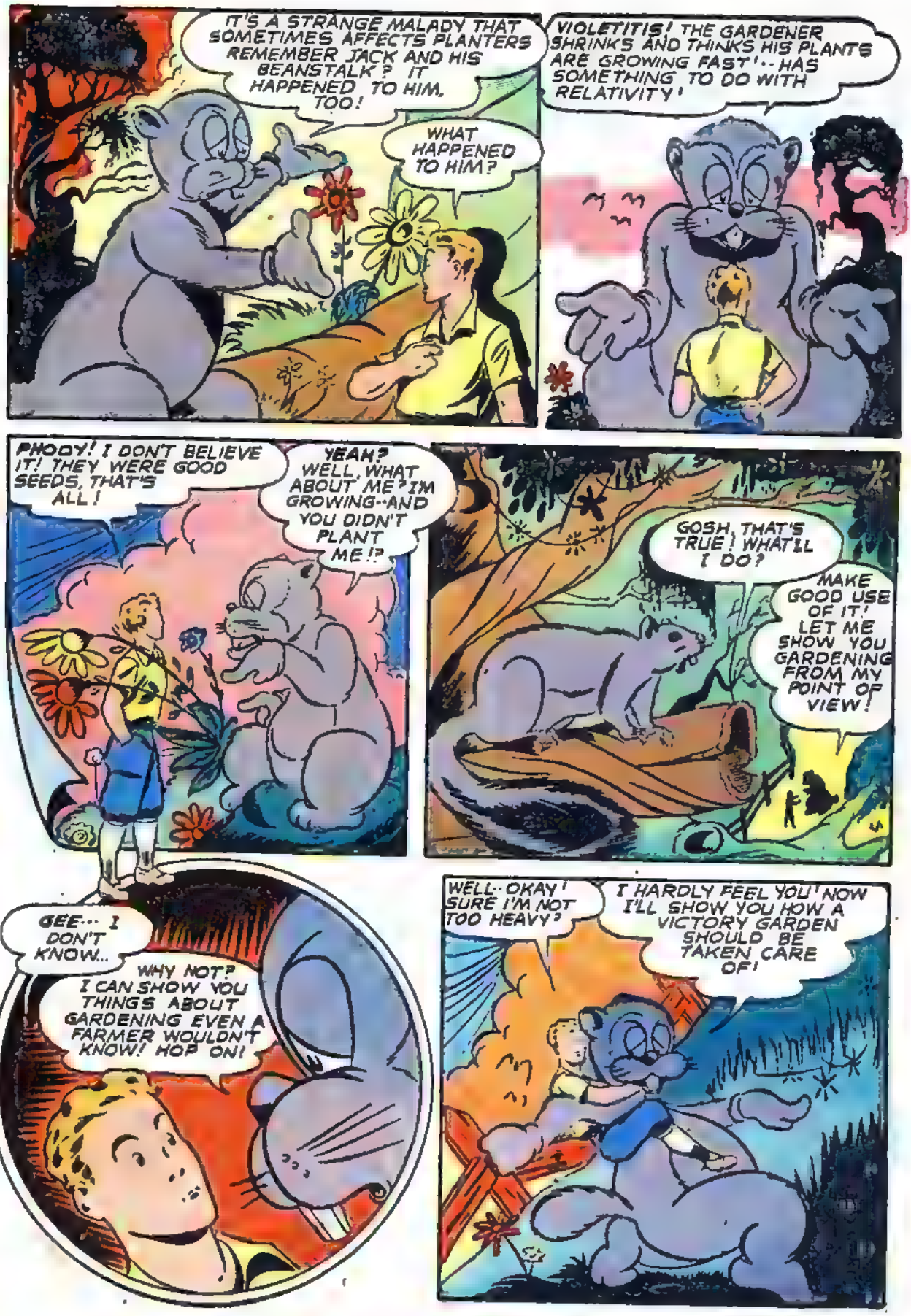
I'M KNOWN AS THE VISION, BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER NOW. WHERE IS FEN-CHEN VALLEY?
SIXTEEN MILES FURTHER UP THE ROAD
I'M LEAVING NOW! THESE JAPS MUST BE TAUGHT A LESSON!
AT FEN-CHEN, MINUTES LATER...
THIS IS THE HOUSE! SURROUND IT! SOON THE GLORY OF HIROHITO WILL SHINE DOWN UPON US.
THE JAPANESE COMMANDER BARGES IN
AH! THE GENERALISSIMO! WE'VE CAPTURED HIM!
THE GRIM FIGURE TURNS...
BY BUDDAH! IT'S YOU!
BUT, OF COURSE!
GET HIM!
YES, HONORABLE COMMANDER!
PUNCHING FURIOUSLY, THE VISION CHARGES INTO THE JAPS!
YOU MAY FORCE SECRETS FROM MEN, BUT I AM SURE YOU WILL NOT MAKE USE OF THE KNOWLEDGE.
OW!
5

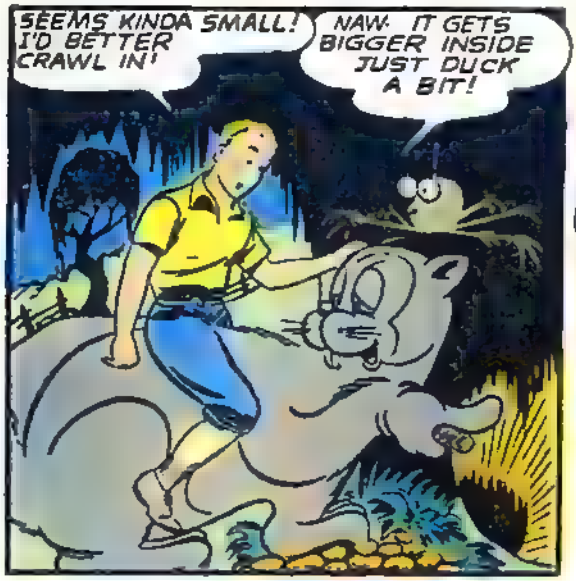
AS THE VISION DROPS THE JAPS, THE JAP LEADER SNEAKS UP FROM BEHIND.
PERHAPS HIS HEAD IS NOT SO FORMIDABLE
THERE!
SAY!-WHO-?
CRACK
THE VISION REMAINS UNHARMED BY THE BLOW
YI! YI! HE'S NOT HUMAN!
FOOLS!
AND, AS THE JAPS RUN OUT OF THE SHACK·
THE CHINESE! WE'RE TRAPPED!
THERE ARE THE FOOL ONES! SHOOT THEM DOWN!
THE CHINESE TROOPS OPEN FIRE AND MOW DOWN THEIR ENEMIES UNDER A WITHERING CROSS-FIRE!
WE HAVE BEEN BETRAYED! I MUST ESCAPE TO THE TRUCK!
6

BUT, A MANTLED FORM HURTLES UPON THE JAPS FROM AN OPEN WINDOW
I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU WILL NOT BE PERMITTED TO LEAVE!
YI! THE ACCURSED ONE!!!
THE TERRIFIED JAP SHOVES THE VISION TO ONE SIDE.
NO! YOU'LL NOT GET ME!
OOOPS!
AS THE COMMANDER RUNS, A LETHAL TORRENT OF BULLETS SLAMS INTO HIS BODY
AGHMMM!
NO, YOU DON'T- DEFILER OF MY COUNTRY!
RAT-TA-TAT!
THEN...
OH, IT'S YOU ADAMS! YOU MUST HAVE BROUGHT THE TROOPS!
YES - AS SOON AS I COULD GET WORD TO THEM!
SECONDS LATER
LOOK! THE GENERALISSIMO'S CAR!
YES - A TRIFLE LATE BUT THAT LATENESS PROBABLY SAVED HIS LIFE!
AS ADAMS WATCHES, FASCINATED, THE VISION RETURNS TO HIS LAND OF SMOKE AND ETERNITY.
ARE YOU LEAVING?
YES, MY MISSION IS COMPLETED. LET'S HOPE THE CONFERENCE WITH THE GENERALISSIMO WILL PROMOTE EARLY VICTORY FOR YOUR TWO GREAT COUNTRIES. GOOD BYE
HERE'S TO A QUICK VICTORY-- BUY A UNITED STATES WAR BOND OR STAMP!

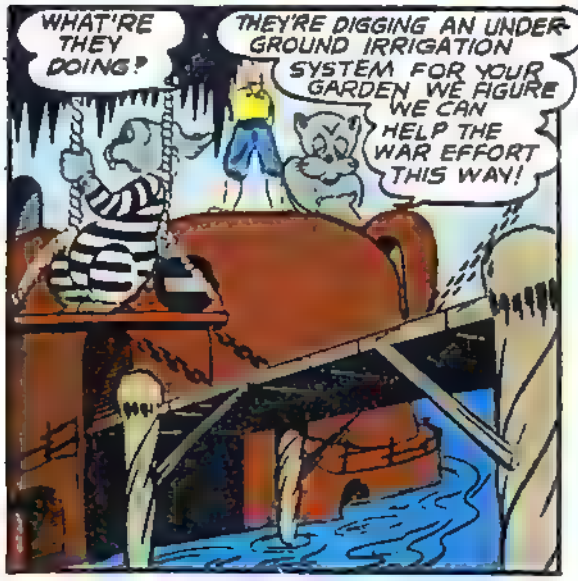

JIMMY JUPITER
THE VICTORY GARDEN FIGHTS BACK!
JIMMY JUPITER DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S UP AGAINST WHEN HE STARTS TO PLANT HIS VICTORY GARDEN BUT HE SOON FINDS OUT WHEN..
WHEW! TOO BAD THESE SEEDS CAN'T BE EATEN LIKE VITAMIN CAPSULES! NOW I KNOW WHAT THE POOR FARMERS ARE UP AGAINST!
BELL GILL

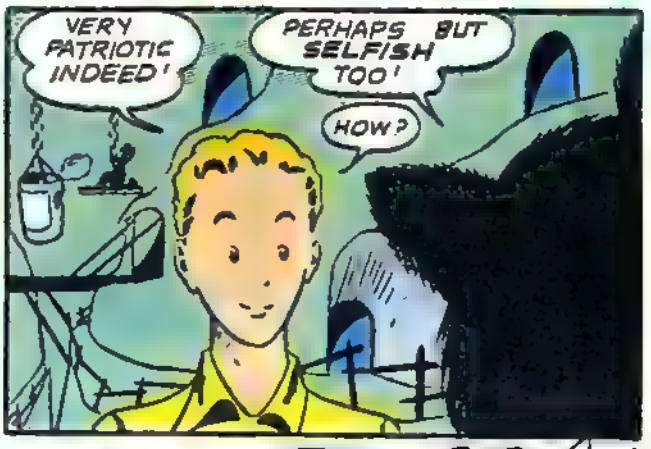

JIMMY PROUDLY SURVEYS HIS NEWLY PLANTED VICTORY GARDEN
THERE! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WAIT FOR THEM TO GROW!
IT'LL TAKE A LITTLE WHILE THOUGH, SO I'LL JUST ZZZ ZZ
?
A SHORT TIME LATER JIMMY IS AWAKENED BY A STRANGE POPPING SOUND
WHAT TH··? MY VEGETABLES! THEY'RE GROWING SO FAST!
POP POP
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! OHH··· THE PLANTS AREN'T GROWING... I'M SHRINKING!
TCH' TCH' YOU'VE GOT IT ALL RIGHT!
TOMA-O SEEDS
WH··WHO ARE YOU? WHAT HAVE I GOT?
VIOLETITIS!
VIOLETITIS! WHAT'S THAT?

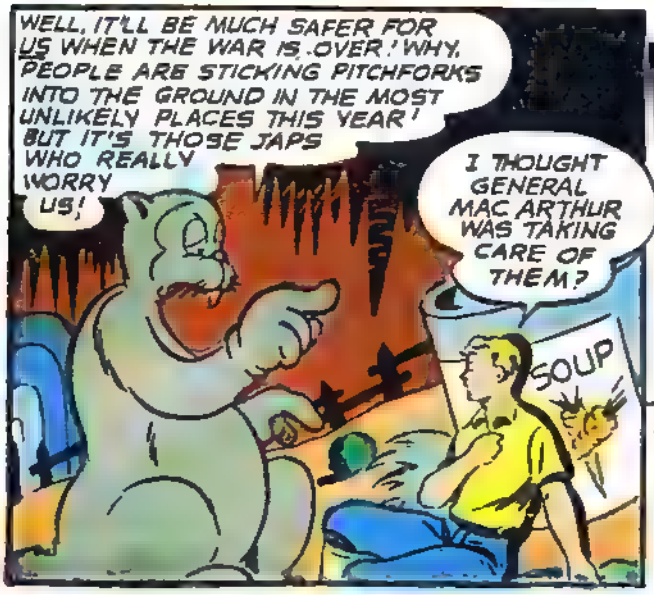

IT'S A STRANGE MALADY THAT SOMETIMES AFFECTS PLANTERS REMEMBER JACK AND HIS BEANSTALK? IT HAPPENED TO HIM, TOO!
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
VIOLETITIS! THE GARDENER SHRINKS AND THINKS HIS PLANTS ARE GROWING FAST!.. HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH RELATIVITY!
PHOOY! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THEY WERE GOOD SEEDS, THAT'S ALL!
YEAH? WELL, WHAT ABOUT ME? I'M GROWING..AND YOU DIDN'T PLANT ME!?
GOSH, THAT'S TRUE! WHAT'LL I DO?
MAKE GOOD USE OF IT! LET ME SHOW YOU GARDENING FROM MY POINT OF VIEW!
GEE... I DON'T KNOW...
WHY NOT? I CAN SHOW YOU THINGS ABOUT GARDENING EVEN A FARMER WOULDN'T KNOW! HOP ON!
WELL..OKAY! SURE I'M NOT TOO HEAVY?
I HARDLY FEEL YOU! NOW I'LL SHOW YOU HOW A VICTORY GARDEN SHOULD BE TAKEN CARE OF!

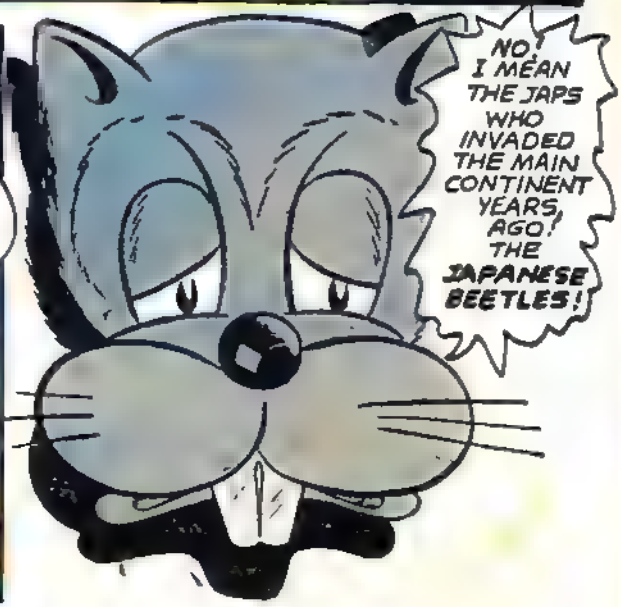

SEEMS KINDA SMALL! I'D BETTER CRAWL IN!
NAW. IT GETS BIGGER INSIDE JUST DUCK A BIT!

INSIDE THE GROUNDHOG'S TUNNEL· JIMMY SEES A STRANGE SIGHT
WHY IS THAT ONE GROUND-HOG MAKING THE OTHERS DIG?
THE OTHERS ARE BAD GROUND-HOGS WE CAUGHT THEM WRECKING A VICTORY GARDEN SO WE CAPTURED THEM AND PUT THEM TO WORK

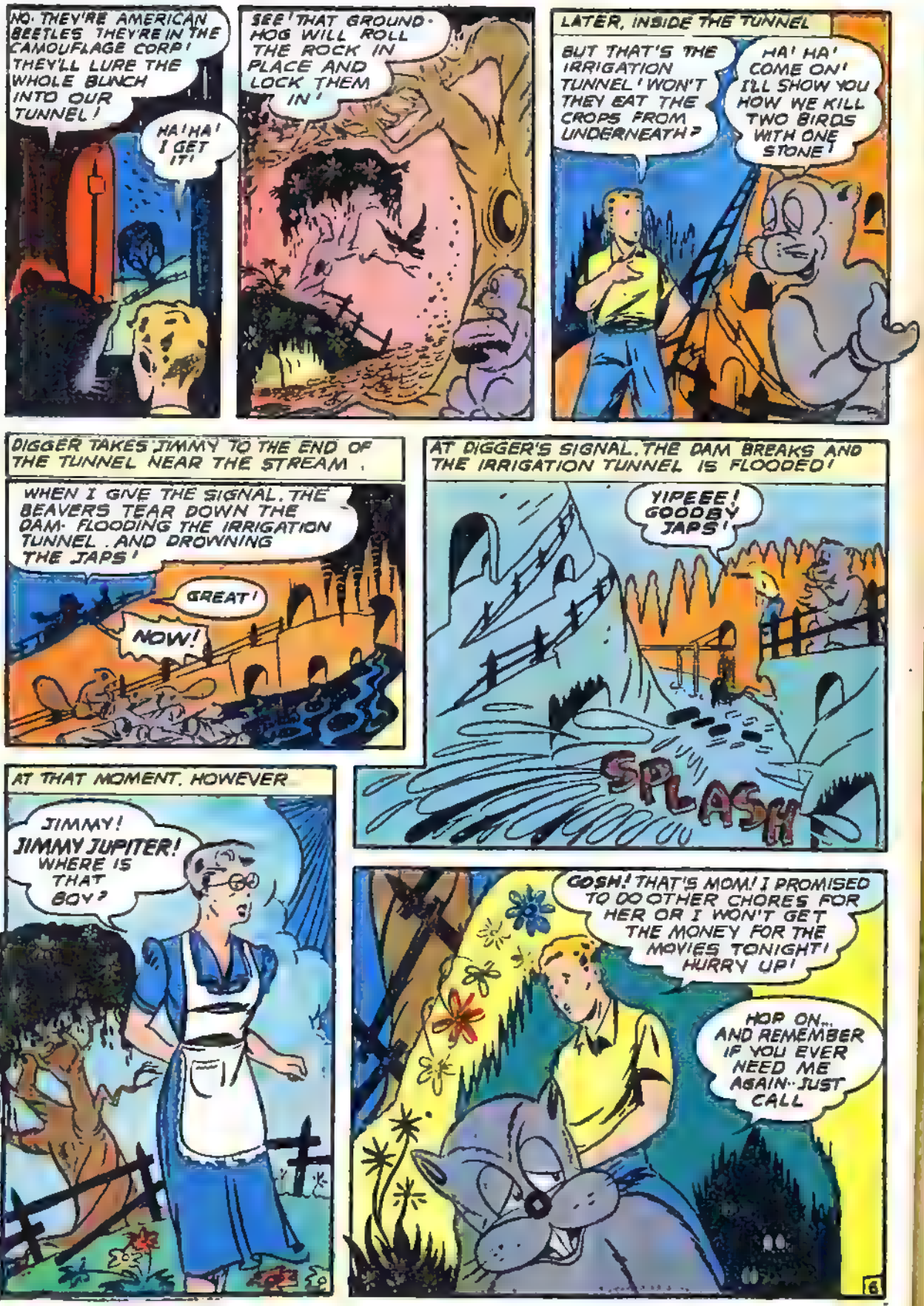

WHAT'RE THEY DOING?
THEY'RE DIGGING AN UNDER-GROUND IRRIGATION SYSTEM FOR YOUR GARDEN WE FIGURE WE CAN HELP THE WAR EFFORT THIS WAY!

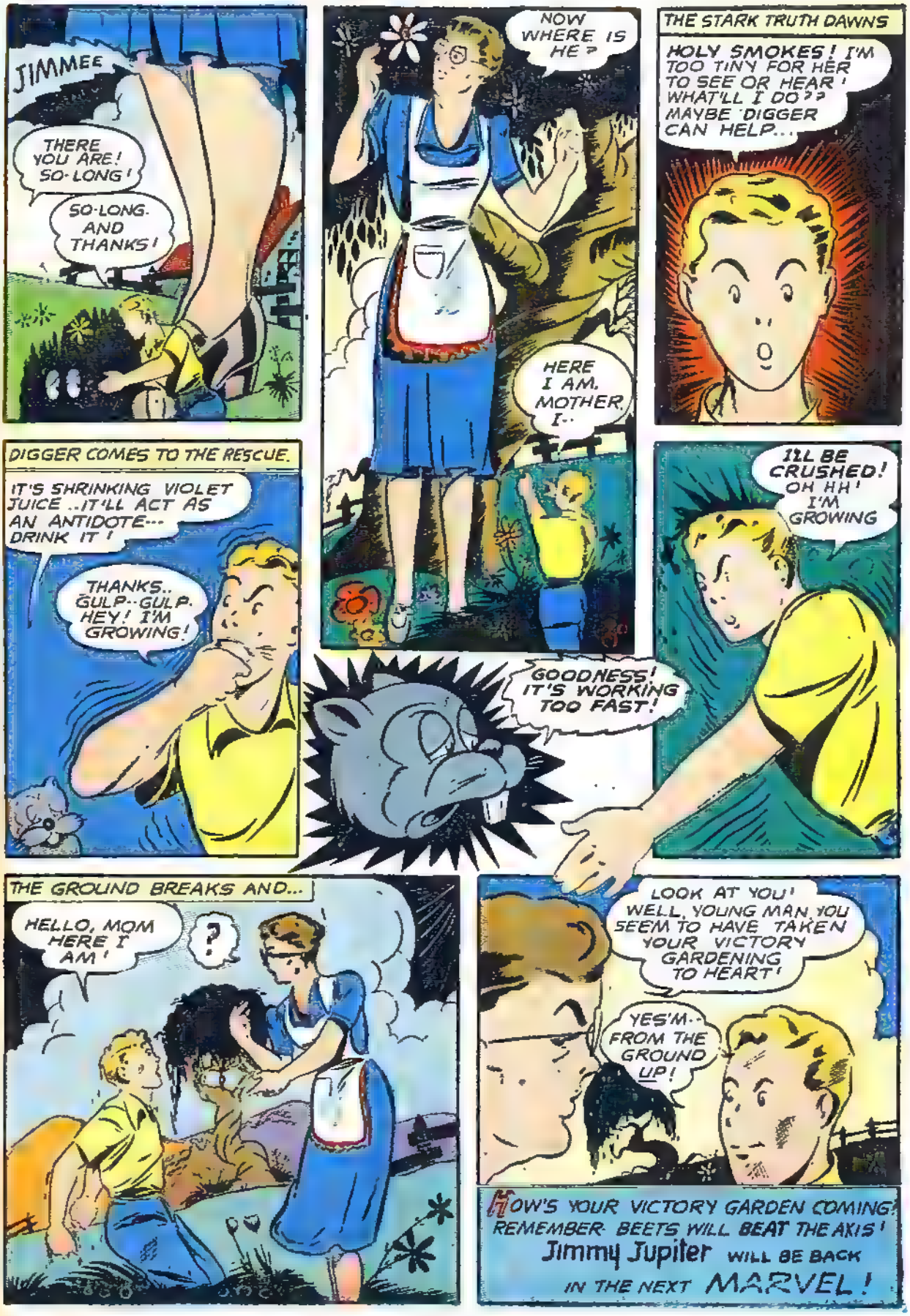

VERY PATRIOTIC INDEED!
PERHAPS BUT SELFISH TOO!
HOW?

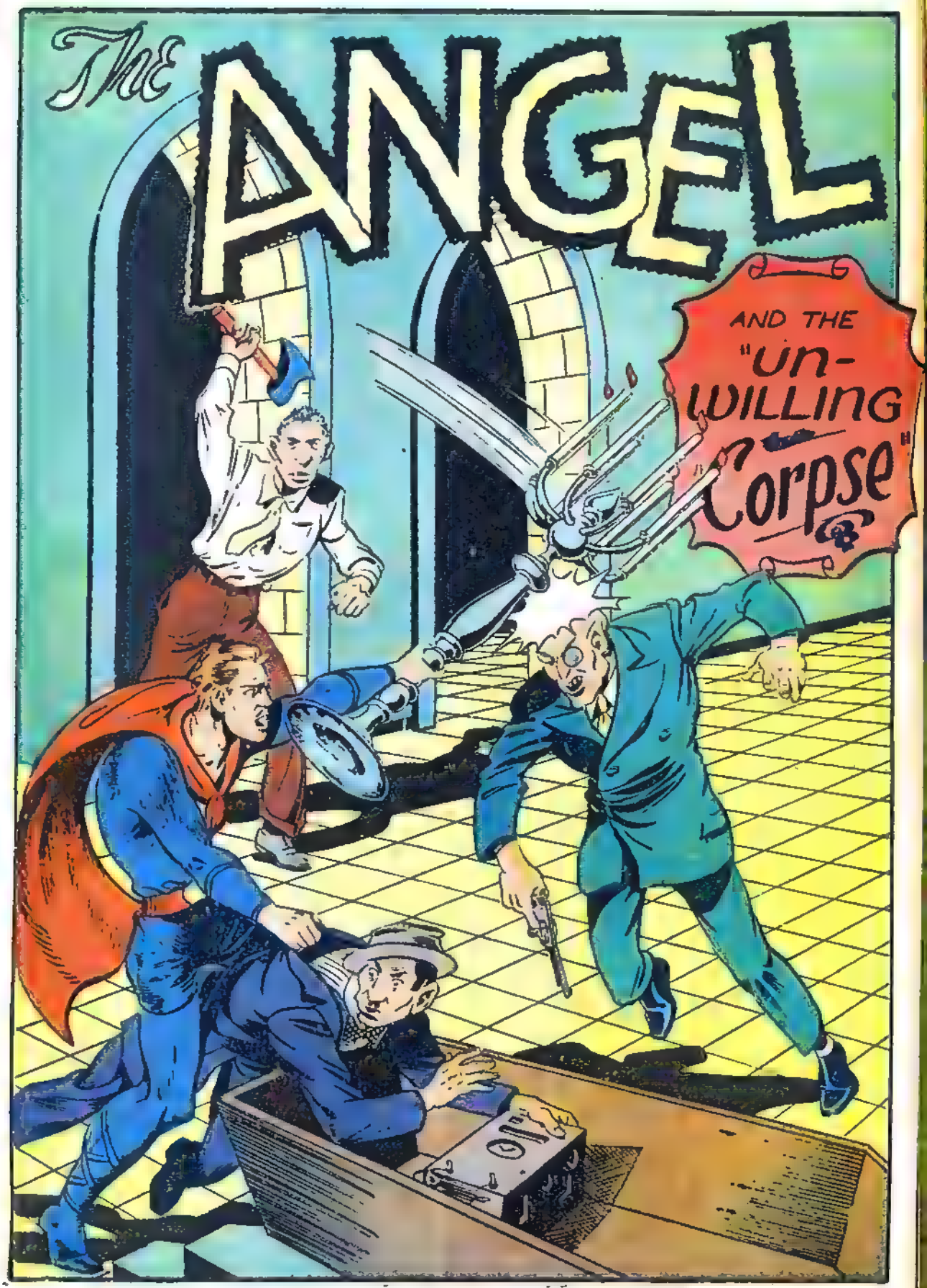

WELL, IT'LL BE MUCH SAFER FOR US WHEN THE WAR IS OVER! WHY, PEOPLE ARE STICKING PITCHFORKS INTO THE GROUND IN THE MOST UNLIKELY PLACES THIS YEAR! BUT IT'S THOSE JAPS WHO REALLY WORRY US!
I THOUGHT GENERAL MAC ARTHUR WAS TAKING CARE OF THEM?
SOUP

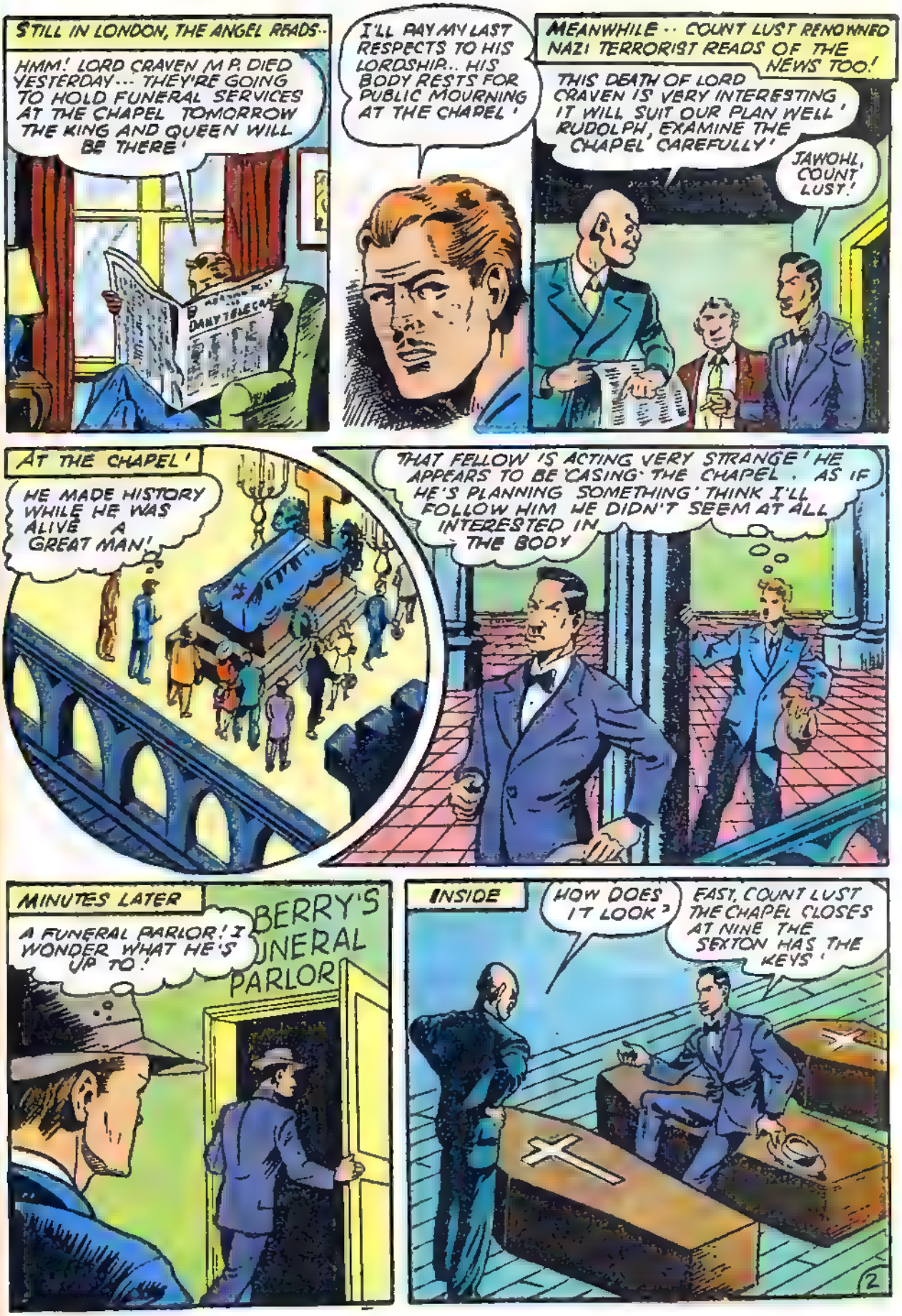

NO. I MEAN THE JAPS WHO INVADED THE MAIN CONTINENT YEARS AGO! THE JAPANESE BEETLES!

OH, I SEE-- HOW DO YOU FIGHT THEM?
COME ON... I'LL SHOW YOU!.. THE NAME'S DIGGER!
LOOKOUT POST
O.K., DIGGER!
DIGGER EXPLAINS AS JIMMY FOLLOWS HIM UP THE LADDER!
THE CROWS AND PREYING MANTIS HAVE BEEN KILLING THEM FOR YEARS!
GEE... JUST LIKE A REAL BATTLE?
REACHING THE LOOKOUT HOLE IN THE HOLLOW TREE ABOVE THE TUNNEL, DIGGER SHOWS.
SEE? HERE COMES A FLIGHT OF BEETLES NOW. BUT WE'RE READY FOR THEM THIS TIME!
WOW!
SEE, JIMMY? SOON AS THE JAPS LAND-- THE MANTIS MARINES RUSH TO BATTLE!
GEE!
HERE COME THE CROW-COMMANDOS!
JUST LIKE FLYING FORTRESSES AGAINST ZEROS!
THE SKY BATTLE IS ON!
GOSH! THE JAPS SEEM TOO FAST FOR THEM! WHAT NOW?
LOOK! THERE!
WHAT TH-- JAP BEETLES ON OUR SIDE?
5

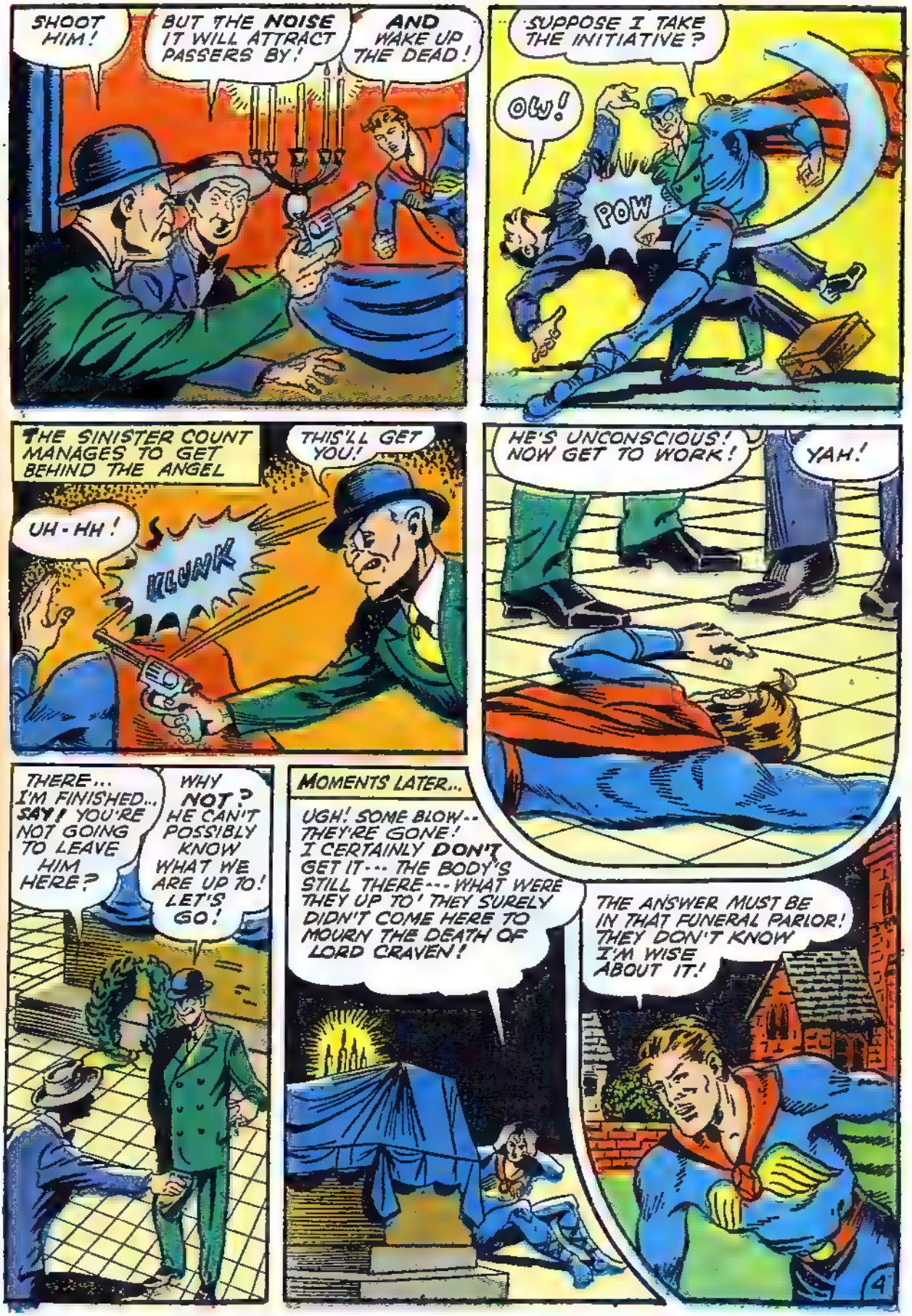

NO. THEY'RE AMERICAN BEETLES. THEY'RE IN THE CAMOUFLAGE CORP! THEY'LL LURE THE WHOLE BUNCH INTO OUR TUNNEL!
HA! HA! I GET IT!
SEE! THAT GROUND-HOG WILL ROLL THE ROCK IN PLACE AND LOCK THEM IN!
LATER, INSIDE THE TUNNEL
BUT THAT'S THE IRRIGATION TUNNEL! WON'T THEY EAT THE CROPS FROM UNDERNEATH?
HA! HA! COME ON! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW WE KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!
DIGGER TAKES JIMMY TO THE END OF THE TUNNEL NEAR THE STREAM.
WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL, THE BEAVERS TEAR DOWN THE DAM, FLOODING THE IRRIGATION TUNNEL, AND DROWNING THE JAPS!
GREAT!
NOW!
AT DIGGER'S SIGNAL, THE DAM BREAKS AND THE IRRIGATION TUNNEL IS FLOODED!
YIPEEE! GOODBY JAPS!
SPLASH
AT THAT MOMENT, HOWEVER
JIMMY!
JIMMY JUPITER! WHERE IS THAT BOY?
GOSH! THAT'S MOM! I PROMISED TO DO OTHER CHORES FOR HER OR I WON'T GET THE MONEY FOR THE MOVIES TONIGHT! HURRY UP!
HOP ON... AND REMEMBER IF YOU EVER NEED ME AGAIN, JUST CALL
6

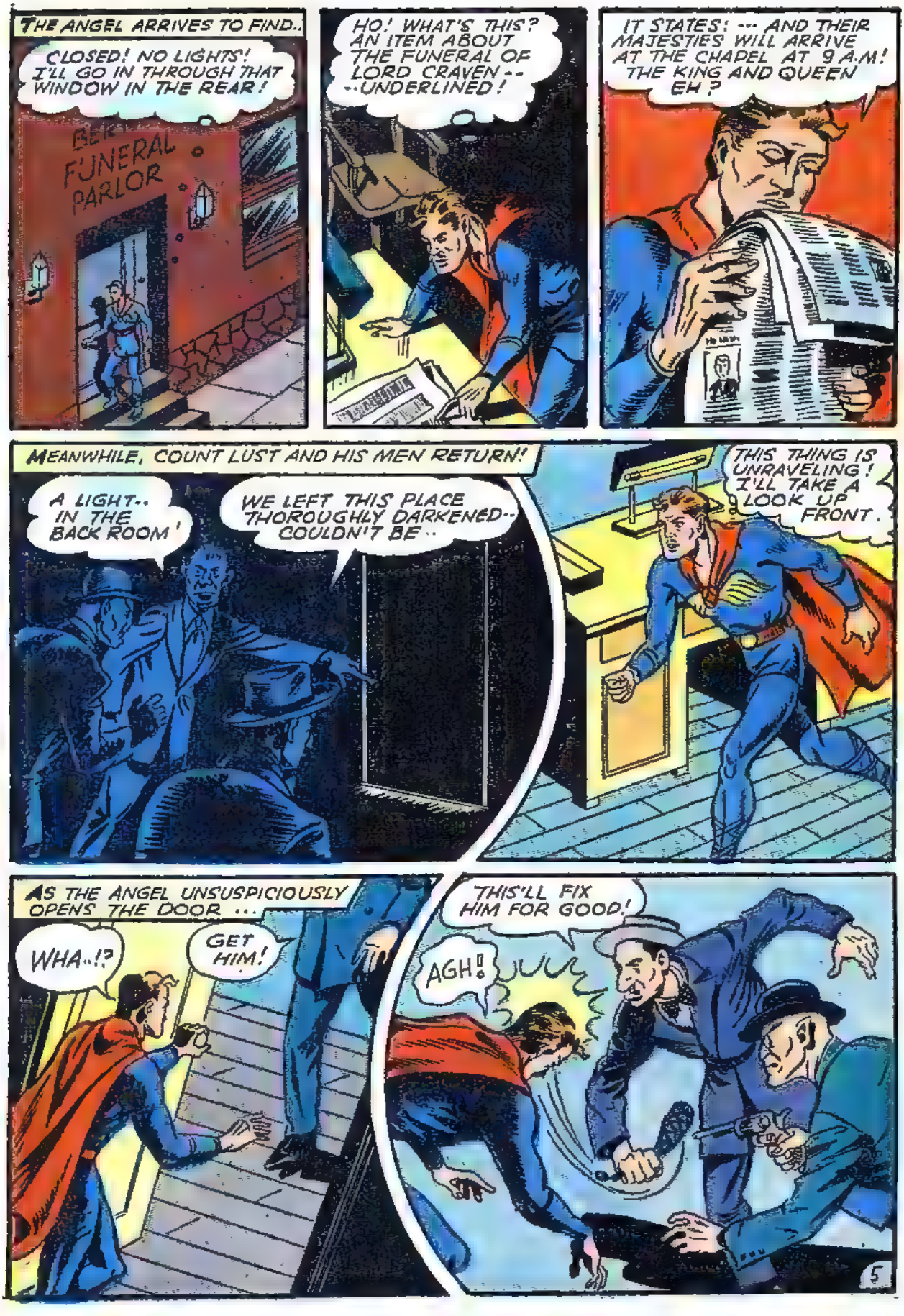

JIMMEE
THERE YOU ARE! SO-LONG!
SO-LONG. AND THANKS!
NOW WHERE IS HE?
HERE I AM, MOTHER. I..
THE STARK TRUTH DAWNS
HOLY SMOKES! I'M TOO TINY FOR HER TO SEE OR HEAR! WHAT'LL I DO?? MAYBE DIGGER CAN HELP...
DIGGER COMES TO THE RESCUE.
IT'S SHRINKING VIOLET JUICE ..IT'LL ACT AS AN ANTIDOTE--- DRINK IT!
THANKS.. GULP--GULP. HEY! I'M GROWING!
I'LL BE CRUSHED! OH HH! I'M GROWING
GOODNESS! IT'S WORKING TOO FAST!
THE GROUND BREAKS AND...
HELLO, MOM HERE I AM!
?
LOOK AT YOU! WELL, YOUNG MAN, YOU SEEM TO HAVE TAKEN YOUR VICTORY GARDENING TO HEART!
YES'M.. FROM THE GROUND UP!
HOW'S YOUR VICTORY GARDEN COMING? REMEMBER- BEETS WILL BEAT THE AXIS! Jimmy Jupiter WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT MARVEL!

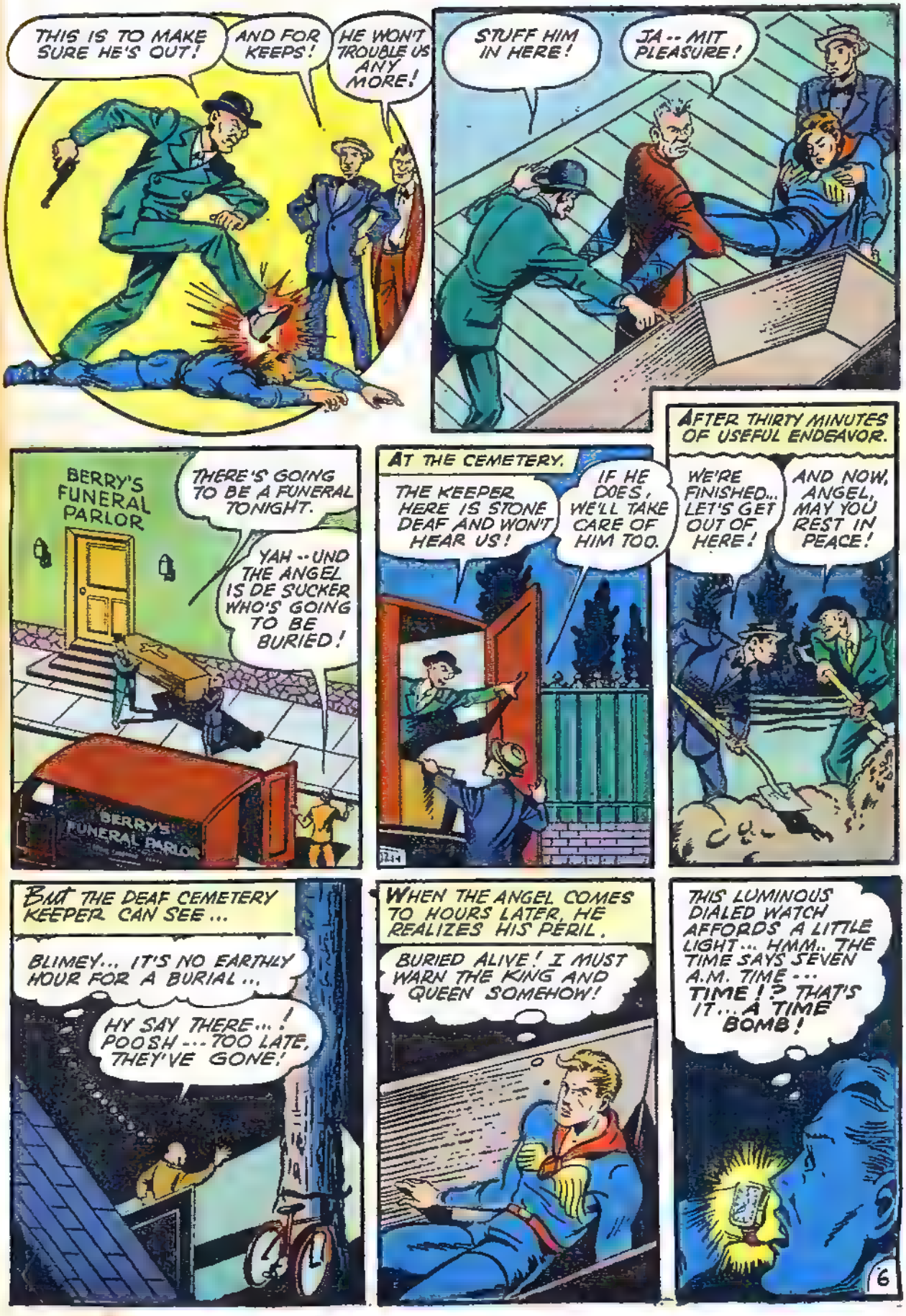

The ANGEL
AND THE
"UN-WILLING
Corpse"

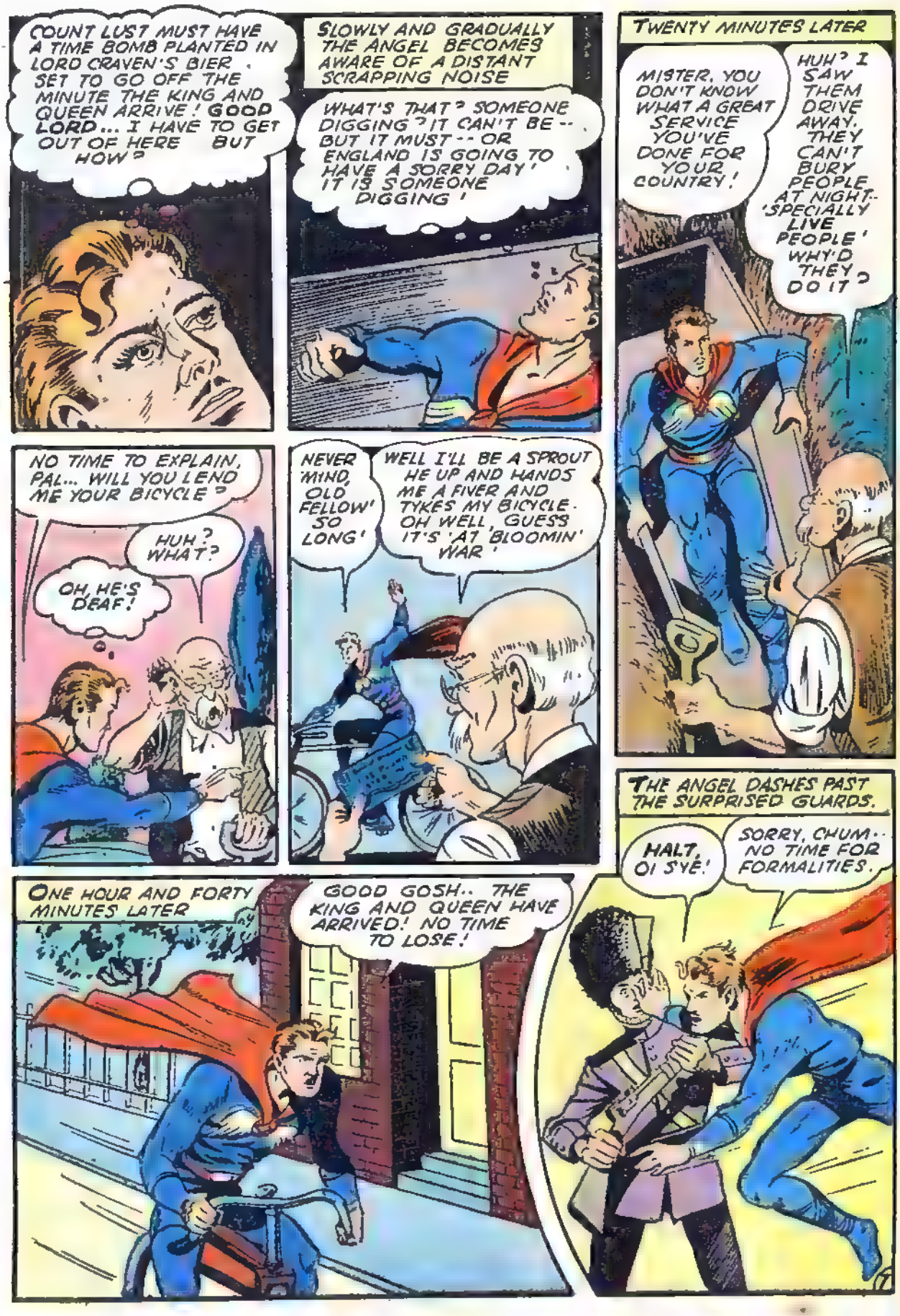

STILL IN LONDON, THE ANGEL READS..
HMM! LORD CRAVEN M.P. DIED YESTERDAY... THEY'RE GOING TO HOLD FUNERAL SERVICES AT THE CHAPEL TOMORROW THE KING AND QUEEN WILL BE THERE!
DAILY TELEGRAPH
I'LL PAY MY LAST RESPECTS TO HIS LORDSHIP.. HIS BODY RESTS FOR PUBLIC MOURNING AT THE CHAPEL!
MEANWHILE.. COUNT LUST RENOWNED NAZI TERRORIST READS OF THE NEWS TOO!
THIS DEATH OF LORD CRAVEN IS VERY INTERESTING, IT WILL SUIT OUR PLAN WELL, RUDOLPH, EXAMINE THE CHAPEL CAREFULLY!
JAWOHL, COUNT LUST!
AT THE CHAPEL!
HE MADE HISTORY WHILE HE WAS ALIVE A GREAT MAN!
THAT FELLOW IS ACTING VERY STRANGE! HE APPEARS TO BE 'CASING' THE CHAPEL. AS IF HE'S PLANNING SOMETHING! THINK I'LL FOLLOW HIM HE DIDN'T SEEM AT ALL INTERESTED IN THE BODY
MINUTES LATER
A FUNERAL PARLOR! I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO!
BERRY'S FUNERAL PARLOR
INSIDE
HOW DOES IT LOOK?
EASY, COUNT LUST THE CHAPEL CLOSES AT NINE THE SEXTON HAS THE KEYS!
2

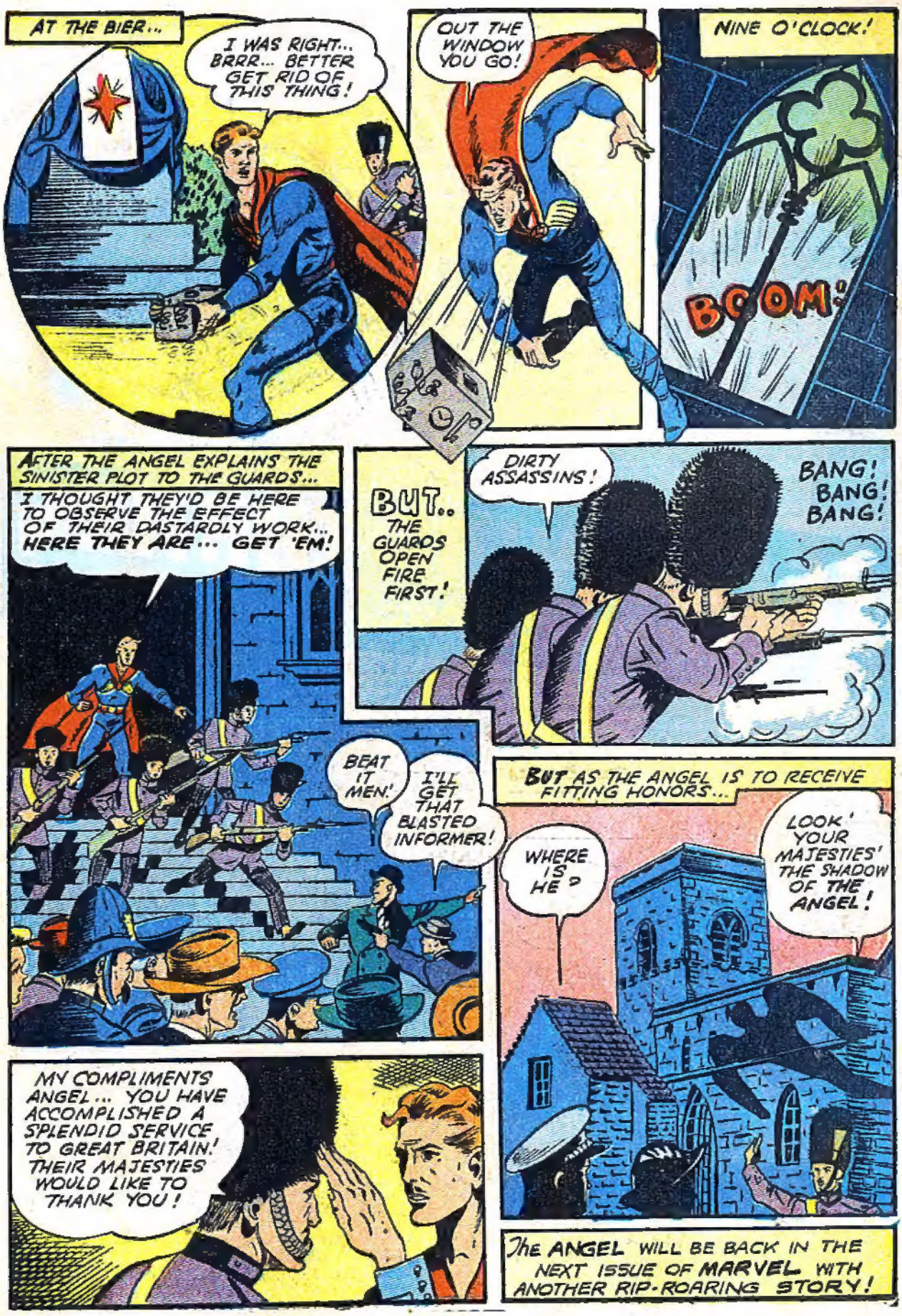
GOOD! WE SHALL BE THERE AT NINE THIRTY!
.. AND OUTSIDE
SO! IT'S COUNT LUST! NOW I KNOW THERE'S GOING TO BE TROUBLE. HE SAID -- "TONIGHT AT 9 30 IN THE CHAPEL!"
HOWEVER, THE ANGEL SHALL BE THERE TO GREET COUNT LUST TONIGHT
RRY'S
NERAL
RLOR
THAT EVENING
THIS IS THE SEXTON'S HOUSE.
GOOD! LET'S GET IT OVER WITH!.
GOOD EVENING! GENTLEMEN WHAT IS IT YOU WISH.?
THIS!
OH!
YOU WERE RIGHT! IT WAS EASY TO GET THE KEYS! NOW TO THE BIER!
IT'S A MATTER OF TWO MINUTES WORK..
SUDDENLY, THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL FALLS OVER THE REPOSED!
GENTLEMEN -- HAVE YOU COME TO DISTURB THE DEAD?
WHA--?! SPOOKS!
NO, IT'S THE ANGEL!
3


SHOOT HIM!
BUT THE NOISE IT WILL ATTRACT PASSERS BY!
AND WAKE UP THE DEAD!
SUPPOSE I TAKE THE INITIATIVE?
OW!
POW
THE SINISTER COUNT MANAGES TO GET BEHIND THE ANGEL
THIS'LL GET YOU!
UH-HH!
KLUNK
HE'S UNCONSCIOUS! NOW GET TO WORK!
YAH!
THERE... I'M FINISHED... SAY! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE HIM HERE?
WHY NOT? HE CAN'T POSSIBLY KNOW WHAT WE ARE UP TO! LET'S GO!
MOMENTS LATER...
UGH! SOME BLOW-- THEY'RE GONE! I CERTAINLY DON'T GET IT--- THE BODY'S STILL THERE--- WHAT WERE THEY UP TO' THEY SURELY DIDN'T COME HERE TO MOURN THE DEATH OF LORD CRAVEN!
THE ANSWER MUST BE IN THAT FUNERAL PARLOR! THEY DON'T KNOW I'M WISE ABOUT IT!
4


THE ANGEL ARRIVES TO FIND..
CLOSED! NO LIGHTS! I'LL GO IN THROUGH THAT WINDOW IN THE REAR!
FUNERAL PARLOR
HO! WHAT'S THIS? AN ITEM ABOUT THE FUNERAL OF LORD CRAVEN -- --UNDERLINED!
IT STATES: --- AND THEIR MAJESTIES WILL ARRIVE AT THE CHAPEL AT 9 A.M! THE KING AND QUEEN EH?
MEANWHILE, COUNT LUST AND HIS MEN RETURN!
A LIGHT.. IN THE BACK ROOM!
WE LEFT THIS PLACE THOROUGHLY DARKENED-- COULDN'T BE..
THIS THING IS UNRAVELING! I'LL TAKE A LOOK UP FRONT.
AS THE ANGEL UNSUSPICIOUSLY OPENS THE DOOR ...
WHA..!?
GET HIM!
THIS'LL FIX HIM FOR GOOD!
AGH!
5


THIS IS TO MAKE SURE HE'S OUT!
AND FOR KEEPS!
HE WON'T TROUBLE US ANY MORE!
STUFF HIM IN HERE!
JA -- MIT PLEASURE!
BERRY'S FUNERAL PARLOR
THERE'S GOING TO BE A FUNERAL TONIGHT.
YAH -- UND THE ANGEL IS DE SUCKER WHO'S GOING TO BE BURIED!
BERRY'S FUNERAL PARLOR
AT THE CEMETERY.
THE KEEPER HERE IS STONE DEAF AND WON'T HEAR US!
IF HE DOES, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM TOO.
AFTER THIRTY MINUTES OF USEFUL ENDEAVOR.
WE'RE FINISHED... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
AND NOW, ANGEL, MAY YOU REST IN PEACE!
BUT THE DEAF CEMETERY KEEPER CAN SEE...
BLIMEY... IT'S NO EARTHLY HOUR FOR A BURIAL...
HY SAY THERE...! POOSH --- TOO LATE, THEY'VE GONE!
WHEN THE ANGEL COMES TO HOURS LATER, HE REALIZES HIS PERIL.
BURIED ALIVE! I MUST WARN THE KING AND QUEEN SOMEHOW!
THIS LUMINOUS DIALED WATCH AFFORDS A LITTLE LIGHT... HMM.. THE TIME SAYS SEVEN A.M. TIME... TIME!? THAT'S IT... A TIME BOMB!
6


COUNT LUST MUST HAVE A TIME BOMB PLANTED IN LORD CRAVEN'S BIER . SET TO GO OFF THE MINUTE THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVE! GOOD LORD... I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE BUT HOW?
SLOWLY AND GRADUALLY THE ANGEL BECOMES AWARE OF A DISTANT SCRAPPING NOISE
WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE DIGGING? IT CAN'T BE -- BUT IT MUST -- OR ENGLAND IS GOING TO HAVE A SORRY DAY! IT IS SOMEONE DIGGING!
TWENTY MINUTES LATER
MISTER, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A GREAT SERVICE YOU'VE DONE FOR YOUR COUNTRY!
HUH? I SAW THEM DRIVE AWAY. THEY CAN'T BURY PEOPLE AT NIGHT -- 'SPECIALLY LIVE PEOPLE! WHY'D THEY DO IT?
NO TIME TO EXPLAIN, PAL... WILL YOU LEND ME YOUR BICYCLE?
HUH? WHAT?
OH, HE'S DEAF!
NEVER MIND, OLD FELLOW! SO LONG!
WELL I'LL BE A SPROUT HE UP AND HANDS ME A FIVER AND TYKES MY BICYCLE. OH WELL, GUESS IT'S 'AT BLOOMIN' WAR!
THE ANGEL DASHES PAST THE SURPRISED GUARDS.
HALT, OI SYE!
SORRY, CHUM.. NO TIME FOR FORMALITIES.
ONE HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES LATER
GOOD GOSH.. THE KING AND QUEEN HAVE ARRIVED! NO TIME TO LOSE!


AT THE BIER...
I WAS RIGHT... BRRR... BETTER GET RID OF THIS THING!
OUT THE WINDOW YOU GO!
NINE O'CLOCK!
BOOM!
AFTER THE ANGEL EXPLAINS THE SINISTER PLOT TO THE GUARDS...
I THOUGHT THEY'D BE HERE TO OBSERVE THE EFFECT OF THEIR DASTARDLY WORK... HERE THEY ARE... GET 'EM!
BUT.. THE GUARDS OPEN FIRE FIRST!
DIRTY ASSASSINS!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
BEAT IT MEN!
I'LL GET THAT BLASTED INFORMER!
BUT AS THE ANGEL IS TO RECEIVE FITTING HONORS...
WHERE IS HE?
LOOK! YOUR MAJESTIES' THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL!
MY COMPLIMENTS ANGEL... YOU HAVE ACCOMPLISHED A SPLENDID SERVICE TO GREAT BRITAIN! THEIR MAJESTIES WOULD LIKE TO THANK YOU!
THE ANGEL WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL WITH ANOTHER RIP-ROARING STORY!

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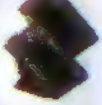
Here's the thrill that you have been dreaming about and waiting for. If you crave real flying sensations, here they are! This training cockpit is not a toy — it will provide exciting hours of fun and spine-tingling thrills for the entire family. It is a replica of a real airplane cockpit, combining fun with actual aviation instruction. Every instrument moves, every lever works. Sit in it! Switch on the ignition! Slowly advance the throttle, ease back the stick and ZOOM . . . you're off on the greatest adventure of your life . . AND . . it's absolutely safe!

Here's your machine gun and gunsight. You see enemy planes zoom before your gun sight. Spot your foe carefully in the cross hairs. Identify him correctly, pull the trigger, and if you are right, you will get him and see him burst into flames right before your very eyes.

WHEEL-CONTROL

Big 20 inch durable Wheel-Control that can be moved up and back, with wheel that can be turned to right and left just like those in real planes.

RUDDER PEDALS



Two Rudder Pedals are pushed down with right and left foot. Spring action causes them to come back up when foot pressure is released, giving you real plane action.

HOW TO ORDER

Because of the tremendous demand for these amazing thrill producers, our supply is limited. ORDER NOW to be sure of getting yours. Send no money just coupon! When the postman brings yours, pay him $1.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges, or 2 sets for $3.25, plus delivery charges. Only 2 to a customer. (Avoid disappointment. Have money ready when your postman arrives.)

GUARANTEE

If you are not completely satisfied that you got more than your money's worth, return in 5 days and we will refund purchase price. You take no risk.—ORDER TODAY!

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1265 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

☐ Rush my TRAINING COCKPIT and free gifts immediately. I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges when it arrives.

☐ Send me 2 TRAINING COCKPITS, complete with free gifts at the special price. I will pay postman only $3.25 plus postage and C.O.D. charges on arrival.

I understand that if I am not satisfied, I can return within 5 days and get purchase price back.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

SEND COUPON

DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medecine to be used must first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.

804-MCG

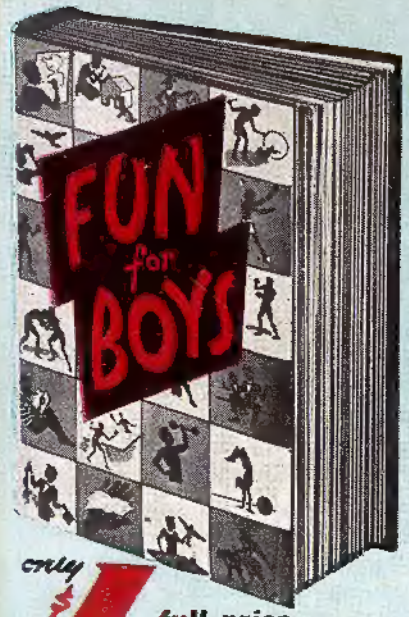
GORE PRODUCTS, INC.
835 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



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